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Sports Illustrated

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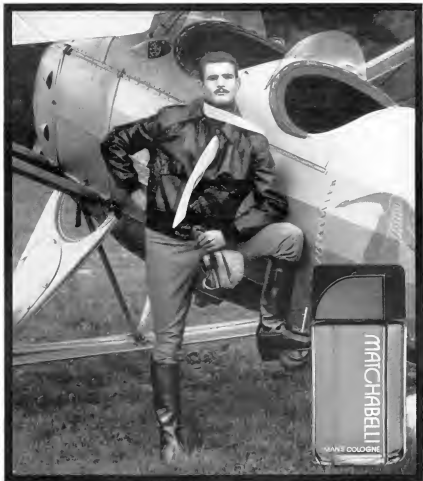
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SI1029

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



TWO JOHNSONS, STS ROY AND NBA'S MARQUES

If the name Johnson seems to be appearing all over SI this week, there's a simple explanation. This is our annual pro basketball issue, and there happen to be Johnsons all over the NBA—enough to stock a new franchise for, say, Johnson City, Tenn. There are Marques and Mickey, George and George, Dennis, Eddie, John, Vinnie, Reggie, Lee, Clemon and Magic. There's even a coach, Phil, an assistant with the Bulls.

As it happens, we've got a couple of Johnsons of our own. The NBA reporter among them is Roy, and his byline appears herein not once, but three times—on the story celebrating the game's best shot-blockers (page 40), on the Pacific Division scouting report (page 50), and on the status report of the Women's Professional Basketball League (page 54). Johnson also helped out with the cover photograph of Paul Westphal, by finding a firm, the Shedrain Umbrella Company of Portland, Ore., that would make the special umbrella Westphal is holding.

Roy obviously is heavily into basketball these days, though it was not his chosen game as a youngster growing up in Tulsa. "I haven't played organized basketball since the seventh grade," says Johnson, 24. "In sixth grade I was the second-biggest kid in school. In seventh I was the second-smallest. So I switched to soccer."

Basketball was not particularly big in Oklahoma, anyway. Most of Roy's exposure to it came from stories his Uncle Marques—not a real uncle, but his

father's closest friend—used to tell about playing with some team called the Fabulous Magicians. "It wasn't until I was in high school that I found out he was famous," says Johnson. Famous, indeed. Uncle Marques was, and still is, Marques Haynes, former Magician and Globetrotter, a/k/a "The World's Greatest Dribbler."

Johnson's attention turned early to journalism. He was a straight-A student until a fifth-grade teacher stunned him with his first B. The teacher was his mother. Later on, when he became editor of his junior-high and high school newspapers, "She used to correct all my stories," he says. "After they appeared." When he got to Stanford, Johnson's newspaper and radio work went uncriticized, at least by his mother.

Johnson came to New York and SI after graduation in 1978, and by March 1979 he was our pro basketball reporter, helping to cover the playoffs and reporting on and checking many other stories.

Along the way he has learned to stand up to even the biggest players. For example, says Johnson, "When Darryl Dawkins was head-faking our photographers last winter, I called him up and told him—nicely—that he'd better cooperate." And Dawkins did. "The hardest thing for me to learn," Johnson says, "is how to separate the baloney from the important stuff. I want athletes to know that I'm not just another reporter they can throw their practiced lines at."

As he moves around the league, Johnson is sometimes mistaken for a player himself, even though he's only 5' 6"—5' 7" on a good day," he says. "Once a kid absolutely insisted I was Lloyd Free. So finally I just signed Free's name." He could, of course, have just signed "Johnson."

Philip D. Howard

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Footloose

by STEVE RAYMOND

**IT WAS A GRAY DAY FOR A FISHERMAN.
THE GREEN RIVER HAD LOST ITS GLITTER**

The Green was only a little river, a mere capillary of the Columbia River System. It was born in the shadows between steep ridges in the High Cascades in Washington, and all through the long summer it would gently carry away the meltwater from slowly disappearing snow. Winter was a different story, though. Then the river sometimes would flood violently, and the torrents would alter it so that when anglers went back in the spring they were never exactly certain of what they would find. It was a river one had to learn again each season.

There are dozens of Green rivers, perhaps scores. Some are large; some, like this one, small. And only a few of them are actually green. This one wasn't; at least I never saw it so.

Maybe it was once, back before loggers

felled the giant firs that grew along its banks. In those days it might have reflected the deep, soft green of the fir boughs that spread across its narrow width. But the big firs were gone by the time I got to know the Green, replaced by maple, cottonwood, alder and a new generation of firs not yet tall enough to be reflected in the stream. I always thought of the river as being silver instead of green anyway, because that is how it looked in the bright summer sunshine.

Despite the Green's diminutive size and location far from the sea, the summer steelhead somehow found their way back to it. Up from the sea they would come, through a vast network of larger rivers and countless smaller ones, bypassing each potential wrong turn until their senses led them unerringly back to the Green to find resting spots in its quiet pools, to await winter and the spawning season. The steelhead made the Green an angler's favorite. My favorite.

It was a generous river, easily waded and easily fished. In most cases it took only a gentle roll cast to cover the most promising water with a fly, and often in the low water of late summer the steelhead would be plainly visible. But a cautious approach was necessary in order to see the fish without first being

seen by them. I remember spending what seemed like hours creeping to the edge of the woods through the thick brush on the spongy forest floor. Then I would cautiously raise my head to look over the water.

If a fish were there, the problem then became one of getting a fly over it without being seen. Sometimes the answer was to retreat through the woods, go some distance upstream, wade out cautiously, hunched over, make a sidearm cast with a long length of sinking line and let the river carry the fly down to the fish. Sometimes the solution was to go downstream, and cast up with a floating line and a big dry fly. Sometimes, despite all the precautions, the fish would see you anyway and vanish so quickly that it would leave you wondering if it had ever been there at all. But just often enough everything would work the way you intended it to, and the fish would rise to the floating fly or take the sunken fly with a jarring strike.

It's hard for a steelhead to display its full strength in a river as small as the Green, but these fish did their best, and frequently that was enough to leave you breathless and trembling, with a broken leader and a lost fly.

On the slope above the river was a clearing in the woods—a grassy spot shaded by

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alders and vine maples—where we usually camped. It was a short walk to the river down a narrow road, and blackberry vines grew in a tangled thicket along the route. One year the berries were ripe on the Fourth of July and we paused to pick them on the way to the river. That day the Green yielded a fine, 10-pound fish that fought stubbornly in the full flow of the runoff, and that night we had baked steelhead and fresh blackberry pie.

The best part of the Green was the section I called the Long Pool. It began where the river described a right angle and skirted the edge of an old logjam. On the outside of the turn was a big alder. In August, when the sun was behind the tree, its limbs cast a large patch of shade on the river. Usually it wasn't long before a fish would move into the shade.

How vividly I remember the day I discovered that fact. I had fished down half the length of the pool without a touch, and then, as the fly swept into the shade, it was taken savagely by a large fish that ran quickly to the tail of the pool and jumped. Before I could react it changed direction and ran back upstream where it jumped again, high out of the water in a classic arc. I will always remember the sight of it as it lingered over the river for a long moment, its bright sides flash-

ing in the sun. And then it was gone again, all the way up to the head of the pool and back under a tangle of old bleached logs, where it quickly found a snag and snapped the leader.

The Long Pool was generous all that year, but the following winter there was a flood that gnawed away the lower part of it and filled in part of its head. After that it wasn't a long pool anymore. But the big alder survived the flood and still gave its shade on August afternoons, and the steelhead still came to seek shelter there.

Another winter and another flood took all that remained of the Long Pool, including the alder. It was a loss that the river never quite replaced. But there were other pools, and it was seldom that one couldn't find a fish in at least one of them.

I fished the Green often, but now I wish I had fished it even more frequently. Because now it is gone. It vanished in a single flaming moment on the morning of May 18 when Mount St. Helens exploded.

Not long after that cataclysmic blast I went searching for the Green in a light plane. The great, shattered crater of St. Helens steamed sullenly and reeked of sulfur. Its north side had blown away and nearly every familiar

landmark had been erased. The tortured land and the incredible rows of toppled trees were uniformly gray, buried under ash that from the air looked almost like velvet. The North Fork of the Toutle River looked like a giant concrete driveway, its whole valley filled with mud as far as I could see. Once the Green had emptied into the North Fork, but the junction pool was gone, buried so deeply under mud that I couldn't tell for certain exactly where it had been.

And there was the little Green itself, its headwaters choked with fallen timber and cloaked with ash. The river still flowed, but no longer was it either green or silver, now the water was a grim grayish-white, thick and sluggish as it oozed past the corpses of a thousand fish that had fallen in its path. It was a dead river.

Someday it will live again. After decades of flood and change, the ash and mud and debris will be flushed away. New growth will shelter the headwaters and keep the river clean, cool and clear. Perhaps someday even the summer steelhead will find their way back to it again. Perhaps my son will live long enough to fish for them, but I won't. For me, the little Green River is only a bright memory.

END

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*Reliant wagon ²⁵EPA est. MPG, 40 est. city MPG. Use EPA est. MPG for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Golf sets lower.

FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE AND SIX-PASSENGER ROOM

The Reliant's power train unit is placed in front of the passenger compartment, eliminating the giant transmission hump and drive-shaft tunnel. The engine itself is mounted transversely (sideways) minimizing any intrusion into passenger space. As a result, Reliant can comfortably carry six adults. Reliant is, in fact, the only front-wheel-drive car officially rated for six passengers.



FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE AND SERVICE

Reliant's new Trans-4 engine was designed exclusively for front-wheel-drive. It was also specially designed for easy and inexpensive serviceability. Intervals between required maintenance have been extended significantly. Most vital functions such as sparkplugs, distributor, dipsticks, battery terminal and drive belt adjustments have been placed up front, surrounded by lots of elbow room. Fuse panels are readily accessible, with all circuits clearly identified, and even normally difficult to replace, panel bulbs can be reached from the front.

And you don't have to get under the car to change the oil filter. Many operations can be readily accomplished by even the weekend mechanic.

FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE AND TRACTION

Because the entire weight of its engine and drive train has been placed up front, directly over the drive wheels, and because front-wheel-drive "pulls" the car forward instead of pushing it, Plymouth Reliant has unusual traction. Reliant not only is far more resistant to wheel spin in wet weather, but it even pulls through snow where conventional cars may lose traction.

FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE AND DIRECT POWER

Power from Reliant's transverse-mounted engine and front axle goes directly to its front-drive wheels without energy wasting front-to-rear detours. This is Reliant's Direct Power System, and there is no more efficient way to get power to a car's wheels.



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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

THE CO-AUTHORS OF "AMAZONS" USED A PSEUDONYM. TO AVOID RED FACES?

Cleo Birdwell, the name that adorns the jacket of *Amazons* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$12.95), is a pseudonym for Don DeLillo, author of the novels *End Zone* and *Runner's Star*, and a "friend" of DeLillo's whose identity has been carefully concealed. DeLillo's identity had been concealed at first, too, and I can think of at least one good reason why: acute embarrassment.

Amazons is a dandy idea that bombed. Subtitled "An Intimate Memoir by the First Woman Ever to Play in the National Hockey League," the novel has a lot of potential for amusement, little of which is realized. It is at least 100 pages too long, its structure has neither rhyme nor reason, and its attempts at satire too often lapse into flat one-liners.

In her introductory note Birdwell advises the reader: "It is probably safe to say that except for homosexuals, bisexuals and transsexuals, no athlete has discussed the intimate details of his or her life with the kind of refreshing candor I plan to use in the pages ahead." Well, there's plenty of candor, but "refreshing" is hardly the word for it. Would you believe "monotonous"?

By the time she gets the New York Rangers into (and out of) the NHL playoffs, Birdwell has had amorous face-offs with a tennis player, a hockey player, a general manager, a head coach, an agent, a reporter and a fencer—and no doubt one or two others in several passages where my eyes glazed over. Cleo gets more exercise off the rink than on.

In fact, there's little hockey in this novel about hockey. With the exceptions of a few brief locker room scenes and some snippets of skating action, the game itself—and thus the potential it offers for humorous episodes—is almost entirely ignored. Birdwell keeps saying, "All I want to do is play hockey," but she doesn't play much of it.

That, no doubt, is because the author is mainly interested in using the conceit of a woman hockey player to explore the satiric potential of phenomena on the fringes of big-time sports: agents, TV commercials, pop psychology, pop philosophy, Hollywood, sports-writing, sports-casting. From time to time a deft line appears, but the good ones are few and far between; in 390 pages, I counted one chuckle and two snickers.

Commercially, *Amazons* has a lot going for it: a big first printing, a couple of book-club deals, a generous advertising budget. It may well become a bestseller. To which I can only say: caveat emptor. **END**

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

POST-FIGHT ANALYSIS

Muhammad Ali said last week that before his loss to Larry Holmes, he had taken unusually large doses of a drug called Thyrolar, which is properly administered for thyroid deficiencies (according to the man who prescribed it, Dr. Charles Lee Williams Sr. of Chicago, Ali suffers from hypothyroidism) but is sometimes also used for losing weight (which Ali did, dramatically). Overdoses of the drug can cause dehydration and fatigue, and Ali reportedly admitted feeling abnormally tired even before going into the ring. If all this is true, Ali performed a disservice to the public by neither pulling out of the fight nor notifying the Nevada State Athletic Commission, as required by law, that he was taking medication. But Ali would be guilty of an even greater disservice if the story about taking the medication isn't true. That could mean that he was trying to explain away his puncheon performance against Holmes to pave the way for—persh the thought—another fight.

Sig Rogich, chairman of the Nevada commission, was meanwhile concerned about Ali's intake of other drugs. Rogich told SI's Pat Putnam that when one of the commission's doctors arrived to collect the required post-fight urine sample, Dr. Williams let it be known that immediately after the fight he had given Ali a sedative and a painkiller containing codeine. Rogich said that Ali's urine, a sample of which was taken after a considerable delay, was subsequently found to contain an opiate and a tranquilizing agent called phenothiazine. Although the codeine and sedative Williams mentioned could have accounted for the presence of these drugs in Ali's urine, Rogich pointed out that the commission had no way of ascertaining whether the drugs might have been administered before the fight, a legitimate enough concern in view of Ali's lethargic showing in the ring. As for Ali's failure to notify the commission that he was taking Thyrolar, Rogich said, "Ali will never box again in this state if

I have anything to say about it. We'd be the laughingstock of the nation."

THE THIRD-YEAR JINX

The NBA has proved notably dynasty-proof in recent years, witness the fact that no team has won back-to-back league championships since (who else?) the Boston Celtics did so in 1967-68 and 1968-69. Indeed, staying on top is so difficult that most of the recent NBA champions skidded to losing records and/or last place in three seasons or fewer. The pronounced nose dives make it almost seem as though the NBA has a third-year jinx.

Los Angeles won the league title in 1972 and by 1975 had fallen to 30-52 and the cellar in its division. Ditto the 1973 champion New York Knicks; by 1976 they had fallen to 38-44, last in their division. The 1975 champ, Golden State, fell to the divisional cellar in 1978 (although with a 43-39 record), just as the '76 title-winning Celtics did in '79. And the Portland Trail Blazers, who won the NBA crown in 1977, struggled last season to a 38-44 record.

If the pattern continues, the Washington Bullets, who won the NBA championship in 1978 and dropped below .500 last season, will hit bottom this season, a fate that will similarly befall the Seattle SuperSonics (1979 title) in 1981-82 and the Los Angeles Lakers (1980 champs) the season after that. "It's a strange thing that happens with winners," says Golden State Coach Al Attles. "In building a winner, you spend a lot of time searching for your identity. This works well with young teams with players who accept that they're less important than the team. But young guys become older and impatient and greedy."

LURE JOB

Early in a game against Utah State two weeks ago, Utah's defensive linemen, conferring between downs at the line of scrimmage, found that their hands were similarly and suspiciously covered with

goo. They complained to the officials, who discovered a foreign and decidedly slick substance on the jerseys of Utah State's offensive interior linemen. Invoking an NCAA rule prohibiting "grease or any other slippery substance applied on a player's person or clothing," the officials ordered the Aggie players to change their jerseys, which resulted in a six-minute delay of the game while the miscreants roamed the sidelines looking for new garments. After the game, which Utah State lost 23-19, Aggie Coach Bruce Snyder admitted that his linemen had applied a "silicone spray substance or something of that nature" to their jerseys.



sees, presumably to thwart Ute pass rushers. He said the Aggies had learned the track from "the pros."

They may not have learned well enough, if Pittsburgh Steeler Center Mike Webster is to be believed. Although Webster denies having resorted to any such chicanery himself, he told SI's Bruce Anderson that some NFL players have used a silicone spray, adding, "It's a metallic dust but it's so fine it's like an oil. It leaves no film. If it's done the right way, no one should be able to detect it."

The Steelers were involved in a slippery-substance controversy in 1973 when, following a 17-9 win over Oakland, they complained that the Raiders had smeared themselves with a Vaseline-like substance—and, for good measure, had also underlined the footballs and written obscenities on one of them. The NFL later announced that it had investigated those charges but couldn't substantiate them. More recently, it's been handed about that a prominent NFL quarterback has, on occasion, tried to

continued

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make himself more elusive to would-be tacklers by spraying his jersey. But the play may have backfired. His receivers reportedly have complained that the substance gets on the ball, which makes it too slippery to catch.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Last week we reported that the Boston Celtics' Dave Cowens had announced his retirement with an eloquent farewell to the fans that was published in the Boston newspapers. It turns out that Cowens was no less inspired when bidding goodbye to his teammates, which he did aboard the team bus during an exhibition-season swing through Indiana. He told them he had enjoyed playing with them but that, because of various ailments, it wouldn't be fair to them or the public if he tried to continue. The news was greeted by a hushed silence finally broken, uproariously, when Celtic Guard M.L. Carr shouted, "Then get the hell off our bus."

BALANCING ACT

For the benefit of the owners and those other doomsayers who warned that baseball's "competitive balance" would be knocked permanently askew by the advent in 1976 of free agency, it is hereby noted that competition in the majors has declined to such a shabby state that only three of the 1980 season's four divisional races went down to the wire. It is further noted that when the Astros, Phillies and Yankees clinched their respective division titles at the 11th hour, it meant that eight different teams had won the eight divisional championships over the past two seasons. What's more, one of this year's playoff teams, Houston, was a perennial have-not that won a title for the first time. So much for fears that free agency would impair competition.

But what about Kansas City, which won the American League West by a noncompetitive 14 games? Well, when free agency arrived, baseball officials moaned that other teams wouldn't be able to compete with clubs in the largest cities, which can earn higher revenues and, thus, can afford to spend more for free agents. But Kansas City has the smallest population base of any big league team, and it has acquired exactly one newcomer via the reentry draft. Which doesn't mean the Royals are hurting for cash. They drew a tidy 2,288,714 this season and are continuing to spend millions

on an extraordinarily productive minor league system. There is, it turns out, more than one way to build a winner.

All right, but what about the Yankees and Phillies? True, each won its fourth division championship in five years, just the sort of success the lords of baseball predicted for big-city big spenders. But New York and Philly have been no more active in the free-agent market than the also-ran Padres or Angels, and astute trading and fertile farm systems have also been integral to their winning. And that success has hardly hurt the game, witness the Yankees' alltime road-attendance record this season of 2,461,240. In fact, attendance was generally robust in both leagues in '80. Seems the owners were misguided in worrying about competitive balance—or about success at the ticket windows.

GOLD MEDALS, GOLDEN ARCHES

The 1984 Los Angeles Olympics are shaping up as the most commercialized non-commercial event in human history. Or, if you prefer, the most non-commercialized commercial event. Come again? Well, the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee has promised to stage a "de-commercialized" Games and, accordingly, has decided to solicit no more than 50 corporate sponsors, far fewer than the number of companies that got into the act during Olympics in Montreal, Lake Placid and even Moscow. Yet L.A.'s sponsors appear to be making up in substance what they lack in numbers. Though only eight have signed up so far, their commitments total a staggering \$50 million. This sum includes \$15 million from Coca-Cola, \$10 million from Amheuser-Busch and \$6 million from McDonald's. Big bucks, in other words.

The LAOOC defends these lucrative tie-ins by saying that television revenue and ticket sales alone would be inadequate to obviate the sort of deficits that plagued the Montreal and Lake Placid Games. Yet the organizers also insist that the '84 Games will avoid the commercial crassness of other recent Olympics. "It's a matter of quality," says Peter Ueberroth, president of the LAOOC. "Sponsorship has been overdone in the past. At Lake Placid it was distasteful. By refusing to sign up baileys, yogurts and that sort of thing, I think we'll have less chance of losing control. Also, we've been asking sponsors to make a deeper commitment to

the community than at other Olympics."

That last point is borne out by L.A.'s novel approach to the problem of facilities. Committed to holding down construction costs by staging events in existing venues wherever possible, the LAOOC is enlisting corporations to build the few facilities it needs. And it has persuaded companies to put the facilities in locations where they figure to give lasting benefit. Thus, in addition to its sponsorship money, McDonald's has agreed to spend \$4 million to erect an 11,000-seat outdoor swimming pool on the Southern Cal campus that will be used after the Games by the USC swim team, student body and community groups in the predominantly black neighborhood surrounding the campus. Similarly, the Southland Corporation, which owns the 7-Eleven convenience-store chain, has pledged \$4 million for a velodrome on a still-to-be-determined L.A.-area campus. Ueberroth says that other corporations, including at least one in Japan, are also interested in putting up facilities, assuming that post-Olympic uses can be found for them. That is an important consideration because under Olympic rules commercial names cannot appear on sites used for the Games. As a result, the new pool will be known as McDonald's Olympic Swim Stadium—except during the '84 Games.

PASSED OVER

Budd Thalman, the Buffalo Bills' publicity man, sent out a press release the other day reporting that the Bills' quarterback, Joe Ferguson, had become the club's record holder in career passing yardage. The release noted that Jack Kemp, the former Bills star who's now a Republican Congressman, had fallen to "the second spot, a position that would have pleased him in another game earlier this year."

THEY SAID IT

- Bum Phillips, Houston Oilers coach, offering words of wisdom to new acquisition Hollywood Henderson, who may be getting his last chance in the NFL: "You don't know a ladder has splinters in it until you slide down it."
- Larry Kenan, Lamar University football coach, after Baylor attempted an onside kick with eight seconds left and a 42-7 lead: "Maybe they were afraid we'd run it back all the way, then line up and go for 30 points."

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WOW, WHAT A PLAYOFF

Philadelphia beat Houston in a five-game National League series that set records for drama and excitement **by RON FIMRITE**

It was said of the one team that it had no heart and of the other that it had no talent. If that is so, then there were imposters on the artificial greenswards in Philadelphia and Houston last week, playing with heart and ability in five of the most amazing baseball games ever strung together. The Phillies, the celebrated gutless choke artists of legend, won, finally, on heart, beating the Astros two games out of three on Houston's ersatz turf and rallying from behind in



Reliever McGraw jumped for joy, and then jumped again, after he retired the final Houston batter on Saturday to keep the Phillies' pennant hopes alive.



the final nail-biter after they were all but laid to rest. The Astros, the Joe Blows of baseball, established that they had the talent to stave off until the very end the superior firepower of Philadelphia.

But it was the Phillies, fighting the Astros, the odds and their own image, who came through to win their first National League pennant in 30 years. They did it after Houston had apparently won the final league playoff game Sunday with a three-run sev- *continued*

THE PLAYOFFS *continued*

each inning. But the Phillies came back from the 5-2 deficit, finishing off Nolan Ryan and rocking his successors in a five-run eighth. Then it was the Astros' turn, tying the score in their half of the eighth on run-scoring singles by Rafael Landestoy and Jose Cruz. And so it went, into extra innings for the fourth consecutive game, a postseason record.

In the 10th, Del Unser ripped a double down the rightfield line, the ball skipping crazily over the head of Astro First Baseman Dave Bergman. Unser scored the eighth and winning run when Garry Maddox hit Frank LaCorte's first pitch to him on a line to center, just beyond the reach of a frantic Terry Puhl. The Phillies were in the World Series at last.

It was a proud moment for both teams. "Everybody in the country realizes now that we are a better club than people thought," said Houston Manager Bill Virdon. "This shows we do have emotions," said Phillie Shortstop Larry Bowa. "It's not that we tried to lose in the past. We just got beat. Our fans didn't understand. Maybe now they will."

It had been the most eventful and raggedly exciting series since divisional playoffs began in 1969. The third game went scoreless into the 11th inning, a National League Championship Series record, and the fourth, which took three hours and 55 minutes to finish, was the longest playoff game by the clock. The Phillies left the embarrassing total of 25 runners on base while losing Games 2 and 3, and Phillie pitchers walked 17 batters in Games 3 and 4. In Game 2 four batters—three Phillies and an Astro—struck out with the bases loaded. Seven intentional walks were issued by the two teams in Game 3. Also in Game 3, the Astros' Joe Nickro pitched 10 shutout innings and did not get the win. Two runners, one from each team, were doubled off first base on fly balls to the outfield in the series, and the Astros' Gary Woods was out when he left third base before a potential sacrifice fly was caught.

The most nearly normal game was the first, played at Veterans Stadium before a playoff-record crowd of 65,277, most of whom vented long years of postseason frustration on former favorites Bowa,



In the 10th inning of Game 4, Houston Catcher Bochy had to handle a short-hop throw from the outfield and the rampaging Rose at the same time. Bochy got the worst of it as Rose crashed through to score the deciding run.

Bob Boone and Greg Luzinski during the pregame introductions. Boone and Boone both got hits in the game, and Luzinski merely won it. The Phils were trailing the Astros and Ken Forsch 1-0 in the sixth when Luzinski came to bat with two outs and Pete Rose on first. The Bull worked Forsch to a 3-2 count and then hit a low, inside fastball deep into the left-field seats for the winning runs as his detractors cheered. The puckish Tug McGraw shut down the Astros the last two innings in relief of Steve Carlton.

The win was the Phillies' first in a post-season game at home since Grover Cleveland Alexander beat the Red Sox at Baker Bowl in the first game of the 1915 World Series. That was their only win in any World Series, and they had also lost all three of their previous Championship Series in 1976, '77 and '78.

In the second game, a new record crowd of 65,476 sat in anguish as the Phils stumbled to a 7-4, 10-inning loss to the opportunistic Astros. In the seventh, with the score tied 2-2 and one out, they loaded the bases. Joe Sambito, the ace lefthanded Astro reliever, struck out Bake McBride swinging, and Dave Smith, the ace righthanded reliever, then struck out Mike Schmidt looking. But the ninth was even more exasperating. After McBride, Schmidt and rookie Lonnie Smith hit consecutive singles, LaCorte struck out Manny Trillo and got Maddox to pop up. Houston won the game in the 10th with four runs, two scoring on the light-hitting Bergman's triple.

The Phillies appeared to be living down to their reputation as postseason apple swallows. Now they would have to play the final three games of the series in the Astrodome, where, cheered on by their college-football-type rooters, the Astros won a team-record 55 games this year. The Friday game would be number 56, though it would prove costly. In the sixth inning Cesar Cedeno raced to first in the vain hope of beating out a double-play grounder to short. He lunged for the bag, catching the side of it with his right foot and pitching forward on impact onto the island of dirt around the base. He was carted off on a stretcher and was operated on that evening for a compound dislocation and extreme ligament tear in the right ankle.

Nickro shot out the Phils for 10 innings and Smith, the winner, for one. In the 11th, Joe Morgan led off with a line-

drive triple off the rightfield wall. He had been suffering from strained ligaments in his left knee for more than a week, so Landestoy came in to run for him, just as he had in the 10th inning on Wednesday night. Once again, Landestoy scored the game's deciding run, this time on Denny Walling's medium-deep sacrifice fly to the glass-armed Luzinski. "How far did that fly go?" Manager Dallas Green inquired. "Fifty-60 feet? Hell, Bull wouldn't have thrown him out from 45."

Of the fourth game, Virdon would say, "The things that occurred have happened at one time or another, but never all in the same game." Consider the fourth inning, top and bottom halves. With nobody out and Trillo and McBride on base, Maddox slapped a little twister back toward Astro Pitcher Vern Ruhle, who dived for the ball and caught it at the edge of the dirt patch around the mound. Well, maybe he caught it. The television replays were inconclusive. Plate Umpire Doug Harvey could not tell one way or the other because his vision was obscured by Maddox, but with the runners in flight, he felt obliged to call something, so he signaled "no catch." He had second thoughts when he saw Ruhle fire to first as if to double off Trillo. He called time to confer with his colleagues. When First Base Umpire Ed Vargo and Third Base Umpire Bob Engel concurred that Ruhle had caught the ball on the fly, Harvey signaled "double play." Astro First Baseman Art Howe then hurried over to tag second, which McBride had deserted, and for a time it appeared that the most unusual triple play in history had just occurred. But Harvey said no to that, placing McBride back on second because his erroneous "no catch" gesture had caused McBride to run off in the first place.

The ensuing rhabarb lasted 20 minutes. In the end, Harvey's double-play ruling held, although both managers filed protests—subsequently dismissed. Then, in the bottom half of the inning, the Phillies' Smith set another Championship Series record, for inept play by a lefthander. He ran back on a deep Enos Cabell fly ball, then turned to face the outfield wall to field the carom. The ball dropped, comically, on the warning track only a few feet away from him. Cabell reached second. He was on third and Woods on first when Howe hit another fly ball to Smith. He caught this one and cranked up for what would surely be a mighty throw to the plate. But the ball slipped out of his

hand and rolled only a few feet in front of him. Cabell scored.

There were other innings. In the sixth, Woods cost the Astros a run by leaving third too soon on Luis Pujols' one-out fly to right. In the eighth inning, the Astros' Jeff Leonard either caught Trillo's drive to right and doubled Schmidt off at first or, as the TV replays seemed to show, he trapped the ball. Either way, Rose, cautiously tagging up, scored. Rose later tallied the game-winner in the 10th, running from first on Luzinski's pinch double and bashing into the Astro catcher, Bruce Bochy, at the plate. Bochy was woozy, but he had to stay in because both Pujols and first-stringer Alvin Ashby (separated rib) were sidelined. The Phils scored again in the inning for the final series-tying 5-3 win. And after all of that, there was still one more incredible game to play.

A CROWN FOR THE ROYALS

by Steve Wulf

That lonely band of strangers jumping and hugging under the glare of 56,588 New Yorkers in Yankee Stadium last Friday at midnight was the Kansas City Royals, the best team in the American League, the best team in baseball. The Royals beat the Yankees fairly, squarely and, in case nobody noticed, for the 11th time in 15 games this year. As a result, George Steinbrenner, the Yankees' 12-year-old owner, took his ball and went home. The Royals went to Philadelphia to start the World Series.

The Yankees played as if they had heard too many choruses of New York, New York this year. King of the hill, top of the heap, indeed. Steinbrenner blamed his players for the opening 7-2 loss, and they blamed the sun. Steinbrenner blamed the third-base coach for the 3-2 defeat in Game 2. Manager Dick Howser blamed dumb luck for the third and final 4-2 loss. "I still think we're the better team," said Howser. You would've thought the Yankees had lost three straight to the Seattle Mariners.

There are some very good reasons why the Royals won the first pennant in their 12-year history and their first Championship Series with the Yan-

continued

kees after galling defeats in 1976, '77 and '78. They won because Frank White, their ninth-place hitter, batted .545 and charted new territory at second base. They won because their pitchers held the Yankees to two runs apiece in the three games. They won because of more speed, better fielding and better managing. The Yankees came into the Championship Series willing to concede Willie Wilson his stolen bases and George Brett his hits. The Royals are so well-balanced that they won even though Wilson had zero stolen bases and Brett had only three hits.

But, oh, that last hit. Kansas City was trailing New York 2-1 in the third game, with two outs and none on in the top of the seventh. After Wilson doubled into the rightfield corner off Starter Tommy

deck in rightfield. Said a champagne-soaked Brett later, "I was delighted to see Gossage. I didn't want to face John again."

Brett may have won the pennant with his record sixth homer in American League Championship Series play, but White was the MVP. In the fifth, White hit a fair-sized homer himself off John into the leftfield seats. In the bottom of the sixth, he leaped improbably high to grab Bob Watson's line drive off Paul Splittorff. Then Reggie Jackson, who was looking like Mr. February after striking out twice, followed with a double down the line in left. Royal Manager Jim Frey responded with the same underhanded move he's been making all season: he brought in submariner Dan Quisenberry,

the volume down, but it just wouldn't go down."

Frey showed remarkable cool by leaving Quisenberry in to pitch to Cerone. After throwing his ninth straight ball, Quisenberry evened the count at 1-1. On the next pitch Cerone hit a line drive to the right of Washington, who made a couple of steps to catch the ball. Jackson, running as soon as the ball was hit, was easily doubled off second. It was not a dignified way to go.

"When Washington caught that ball and doubled off Reggie," said Cerone, "it was like I was standing there watching somebody slap my mother. That's how bad I felt."

The atmosphere was more pleasant in the other clubhouse, where some of the



In the eighth inning of Game 2, the Royals were leading 3-2 with two out when Watson lined a shot to left. While Wilson chased it down, Randolph rose



John, Howser summoned Rich Gossage, figuring that the Red Adair of baseball would make the bat in U.L. Washington's hand about as useless as the toothpick in his mouth. But Washington got his bat on the ball, chopping it to Willie Randolph at second, and just beat the throw to first. "That 80-foot single, that's what beat us," Howser said later.

This set up a classic confrontation between the most overpowering pitcher in baseball and the best hitter. Brett, of all people, was due; his playoff average was 190 points below his season average of .390, and he was batting .241 lifetime against Gossage. Gossage's first pitch was out over the plate, and Brett launched a shot of at least 450 feet into the upper

Howser countered with pinch hitter Oscar Gamble, who rapped the ball up the middle. White made another fine play to reach it, but he threw wildly to third in a rash attempt to get Jackson. The ball went into the dugout and Jackson scored. Gamble wound up at third and scored on Rick Cerone's single.

New York had one more hope after Brett's homer. Watson, who batted .500, tripled to the wall in left-center to lead off the eighth. Then, after getting ahead of Jackson 0-2, Quisenberry threw eight straight balls, walking Reggie and Gamble. "I had 12 unintentional walks all year, and there I was walking two in a row," said Quisenberry. "I let the crowd affect me. It was awesome. I tried to turn

players were covered in milk because the Royals have several teetotalers. Frey hugged Brett and said, "You're the greatest." Brett said, "The people in Kansas City are going to feel that we won the World Series. For us to beat New York is the ultimate for them."

Game 1 had begun bleakly for K.C. with back-to-back homers by Cerone and Lou Piniella off starter Larry Gura in the second inning. "I said to myself, 'Here we go again,'" Brett recalled. He probably wasn't the only one. Brett is one of eight Royals who have played in the four Championship Series with New York; the Yankees have four such veterans. After Aurelio Rodriguez doubled, Frey decided to give Gura only one more chance.

Gura held on by inducing Bobby Brown to ground to White on a 3-2 pitch.

The Royals came back in their half of the inning to be the score. With two on and two out, White hipped the ball out behind shortstop Bucky Dent lost it in the sun, and Piniella, who had twisted his knee making the same play on the previous batter, could not reach this one, giving White a two-run double.

Kansas City took the lead in the fourth when Aikens got a two-out, bases-loaded single off Ron Gaudry. In the seventh, Brett hit a Ron Davis fastball over the fence in left-center at about 400 feet—400 being a nice number for George. And in the eighth the Royals got two more runs on Watson's double.

Meanwhile, Gura was pitching his best

blame when the Royals jumped off to a 3-0 lead in the third inning of the second game on singles by Darrell Porter and White, a triple by Wilson and a double by Washington. That's all the runs K.C. would get off Rudy May, but that's all they would need. The Yankees scored their two in the fifth on a valiant inside-the-park homer by Nettles and an RBI double by Randolph.

In the eighth inning came The Play of the Series. If it had gone the other way, it might have changed the outcome of the game and, perhaps, the playoff. As it was, it may have cost the Yankees' third-base coach, Mike Ferraro, his job. Randolph, who had singled, was on first with two out when Watson hit a rope to left. "I just ran right to the spot where I

fired a strike to Porter. The catcher got the ball just a few feet in front of Randolph, who tried to jar it loose. Porter held on, and the Yankees lost 3-2.

Ferraro made a calm defense of his decision. "The ball was in the air a long time," he said. "You've got to take a chance with two outs, especially since we haven't been scoring. Brett had his back turned and he has to turn around and make a perfect throw." Howser said, "The throw was so high I thought Brett was going to call for a fair catch. I coached third base for 10 years, and I would have done the same thing."

The Yankees had one more chance in the ninth inning. Jackson led off with a single, and Frey brought Quisenberry in for the starter, Dennis Leonard. Gamble



around the bases from first. Wilson's throw missed the primary cutoff man, but Brett, the slider, caught it and threw out Randolph with a bullet to Porter

game in six weeks. Frey's decision to open with him had been widely debated because he had failed eight times to get his 19th victory. But Gura has always had success against his old team; the win made his record against New York 4-0 this year and 8-1 lifetime.

After the game, reporters tried to dredge up the memory of the three play-off losses, and Brett insisted, "Past history doesn't mean a thing. Doesn't mean a thing. Doesn't mean a thing."

The result obviously meant something to Steinbrenner who whined, "Dent should've caught the ball, Jackson [0 for 4] didn't execute in the cleanup spot, and Gaudry sure as hell didn't execute."

Steinbrenner didn't know whom to

thought the ball would come off the wall," said Wilson. "The ball hit the concrete at the bottom of the wall and came back so hard, it handcuffed me."

Randolph, in the meantime, had stumbled between first and second. Wilson was supposed to hit the first cutoff man, Washington, but his throw sailed over the shortstop's head. When Ferraro saw the high throw, he waved Randolph around. Unfortunately for Ferraro's job security, he didn't realize that Brett was acting as the "trailer" cutoff man. "We practiced the play every day for a week in spring training from every single angle," said Brett, "but this was the first time it happened this year."

Brett caught the ball, wheeled and

popped up, but Cerone singled, bringing Nettles to the plate with men on first and second and one out. "I knew exactly what would happen next," said Brett, who anticipated a double play. Sure enough, Nettles grounded to White and that was all for the Yankees.

In the Royals' clubhouse after the second game, Owner Ewing Kauffman did a passable imitation of Steinbrenner jumping up and swearing at the final out. Leonard said, "The Yankees are good, but they're not the same team we played in '78. They don't have Chambliss swinging the bat, they don't have Rivers slapping the ball, and they don't have Munson getting the clutch hit. They're just not the same." Neither are the Royals. **END**



LET HIS NAME GO UP IN LIGHTS!

Niatross, pacing's \$20 million wonder, wrapped up the Triple Crown while his various owners provided the fireworks

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

The Messenger Stakes at Long Island's Roosevelt Raceway is contested each year by the best 3-year-olds in the nation as the final leg of pacing's Triple Crown. In most years the triple is not accomplished, but this year was different. The Messenger wasn't merely a race, it was a coronation. The idea on Saturday night was not really to see who would win. Burning bolts from above, everybody knew in advance—which is why a \$2 bet on the winner returned only \$2.20.

The idea last weekend was to bestow formally the crown of All-Time Greatness on Niatross, certifying him absolutely, undeniably and incontrovertibly as the best standardbred in the 174-year history of the sport in America. "Draw a picture of the perfect horse, then describe him," says one horseman. "What you'll have is Niatross."

It was his Messenger triumph that finally confirmed this perfect horse as better than Dan Patch of the early 1900s, better than Greyhound in the '30s, better than Bret Hanover, who won 35 races in a row in the middle '60s. Veteran trainer-driver Billy Houghton insists, "To say Niatross is the greatest ever takes nothing away from the others."

Indeed, in a sport in which it is impossible to get a consensus on anything, including whether the sun is shining, there is now no dispute—save from a very few oldtimers, who defend past greats with increasing vigor as the bar

bill grows—that Niatross represents the very best the sport has ever produced.

To celebrate this greatness, Roosevelt shot off a fireworks display while the colt, whose syndication for stud makes him worth an estimated \$20 million, stood in the winner's circle. The flashes and the noise spooked him. He jumped, and when he came down on his left front hoof, he sprang his shoe. That didn't hurt anything, but it was a little like Miss America showing up with a run in her panty hose. Besides, Niatross was covered with mud from the soft track. Elsie Berger, who is a vigorous 71 and owns a quarter of Niatross, was oblivious to petty defects and could only gasp. "Isn't he a regal-looking colt?"

He is, and no amount of mud can hide his class. He holds five world records. On five occasions he broke his own world marks. He has done the fastest race mile ever in harness history, a 1:52½ clocking in Syracuse, in August. This year he has won \$1,220,657, more than any standardbred, and \$102,867 more than Spectacular Bid, the king of the thoroughbreds. Niatross' career winnings are \$1,825,556, tops for a North American harness horse, surpassing Rambling Willie, who took eight years to earn his lot.

Sind Lou Guida, who heads a syndicate that owns one-half of the horse. "He is the elite of the elite. There is no com-

test between Niatross and any other horse that has ever lived. Just look at him. See, he knows he's godly, he knows he's majestic."

Earlier this month in Lexington, Ky., Niatross negotiated a time-trial mile in 1:49½, smashing the mark of 1:52 set by Steady Star in 1971. Grown men cried when he did it. And this in a sport where going one-fifth of a second faster than another horse is a big deal. Ed Freiberg, a prominent harness owner, says, "This horse skipped a couple of generations. He might go 1:45. For all he has done, we still don't know his ultimate potential." Delvin Miller, one of the sport's patriarchs, says, "I watch him and he looks like a rocket. He doesn't even act like he's pacing fast when he is flying. Look, you just don't break records by three seconds." Right, it was by only 2½.

In winning the Messenger, Niatross had the lead by the eighth pole, stayed six feet and more away from the rail, where the muck was the worst, and got home laughing, two easy lengths ahead of Tyler B. in 1:59½. None of the winner's six competitors had a chance in what amounted to just another day at the office for Niatross. Clint Gailbraith, the trainer-driver who owns the final 25% of Niatross, said, "I thought the race was over once I got to the top. You have proved over and over you're the best, you think you're the best, but something could happen. Hell, anything can happen." But on the night of the coronation, nothing did.

So how did this superstar arrive on harness racing's doorstep? Elsie Berger thinks it was her prayers that did it. Gailbraith is more inclined to credit breeding and good training. The colt's sire is Albatross, and his grandsire is Meadow Skipper, both top racehorses and now superlative sires.

But on the female side, things are not nearly as starry. Mostly, there was a lot of luck. In the 1950s, Berger was keeping a mare named Scoot. Scoot was owned by Berger's next-door neighbor, George Begole. Because of personal problems, Begole lost interest in the sport. It is Berger's recollection that he had not been paying his monthly bills for several years and that he ultimately told her to just take the horse and call things even. It is Begole's recollection that he had been paying all the bills and that he sold Scoot to Berger for \$1,000. That, he says today, "was not such a very great

deal, seeing as I paid \$8,000 for her."

Whatever, Scott soon fouled Niagara Dream, who seemed to have other things on her mind besides racing, judging by her best time of 2:07 3/5. But she fouled Niatross, and best estimates put Niagara Dream's present worth at \$200,000. "I pray a lot," says Berger.

Along the way, she gave a half interest in Niatross to Galbraith, who had been her trainer for 22 years, and last year—in the middle of the horse's undefeated 2-year-old season—the two of them sold a 50% interest to Guida for \$2.5 million plus performance bonuses that may add up to \$1.5 million. Guida then created a 20-share syndicate—each share is now worth approximately \$500,600—that becomes operative when Niatross goes to stud, where his fee may be as high as \$40,000. The plan is to book Niatross to about 140 mares, which should produce about 100 live foals, and that would produce \$4 million. Freidberg, a friend of Galbraith's and Berger's, says he has been besieged by callers anxious to get breedings to Niatross at, seemingly, any price.

Big, smooth, powerful and comfortably ahead of the field, Niatross streaks for his Messenger win

Yet in what should have been a year of enormous fun there is nothing but acrimony among those involved with Niatross. Almost everyone is mad, in varying degrees, at almost everyone else. And it's getting worse. For example, Berger now refers to Guida, the syndicator, as a "vicious man." In the winner's circle after the Messenger, Barbara Galbraith, Clint's wife, stopped Morton Finder, the co-manager of the syndicate, and whispered in his ear, "May you rot in hell."

The core of the controversy is where Niatross will stand as a stallion. Millions of dollars are at stake. Galbraith wants him at Rodney Farms, a modest operation he and his wife own in upstate New York. Guida wants to send the horse to a classier stud in Kentucky next year to start his career as a sire; Galbraith wants to race him. In truth, racing him would be best for the sport. Invariably, 4-year-olds go even better than they did at three, and so the Niatross mystique would grow, and fans all over the country would have a chance to share in the good times. Understandably, however, the investors would not be thrilled to see their gold mine race for perhaps \$500,000 in total purses next year when his stud income would be far greater. Also, the horse might hurt himself.

Last week a New Jersey judge ruled that Niatross should be turned over to Guida by the end of the year. The Galbraith/Berger interests will appeal the decision. "If you tell the truth," says Galbraith, "you always win, don't you?" For her part, Elise Berger sounds determined. "God gives us breath," she says. "From then on it's a fight from the cradle to the grave—and I will fight." On the other side, William B. Lawless, Guida's lawyer, mused the other day, "A horse divided against itself cannot stand at stud."

True, and it is not inconceivable that things could get so muddled that Niatross could end up not racing and not standing at stud next year. That, of course, would be folly, and there is hope within the industry that maybe—just maybe—Galbraith, Berger and Guida will sit down and work it all out.

Ah, but Niatross. All's fine in his world. He's disgustingly healthy (his resting pulse is 29; 35 to 40 is normal) and apparently destined soon for some California racing. Watching him in the paddock, another top trainer-driver, Bill Popfinger, said, "There's no doubt he's the closest thing to perfection we've ever had in the harness business." Indeed. The crown definitely fits.

END



IT WAS NO PICNIC IN THE BIG APPLE



Alabama's Bear Bryant thought his boys would enjoy a least up North, but pesky Rutgers nearly spoiled the Tide's party

by JOE MARSHALL

For Bear Bryant and his Alabama Crimson Tide, last weekend's trip to New York was supposed to be a laugh-er. Friday's itinerary for the 68-man traveling squad included a tour of the Big Apple. Then on Saturday, for some real fun, the whole bunch would bus over to New Jersey's Meadowlands to play Rutgers University in a football game. That's right, Rutgers. Said Alabama kickoff specialist Tim Clark, "I first learned there was a Rutgers when I read it on the schedule before the season started."

Alabama-Rutgers did look like a mismatch. The Crimson Tide went to The Meadowlands riding a 25-game winning streak, ranked No. 1 in both the polls and well on its way to a record third straight national championship. The Scarlet Knights, on the other hand, still max it up with a few of the Ivies, and they had never before played a No. 1 team, unless you count Lehigh, which was to become No. 1 in Division II even after losing to Rutgers back in 1977. The joke around Giants Stadium last week was that Penn State wasn't No. 1 when Rutgers played it to open that 1977 season, but the game sure gave the Nittany Lions a boost in that direction. That was the last time Rutgers had played a big-name opponent in the regular season in The Meadowlands, and at halftime of that game the Scarlet Knights trailed 38-0.

Well, a funny thing happened out there in the Jersey marsh last Saturday. As expected, Alabama won, but it certainly didn't win as expected. Which is to say that the final score was 17-13, and Rutgers could easily have come away with a tie had it not been for a mental boo-boo by the Scarlet Knights' coach, Frank Burns. At the end it was the Rutgers fans in the crowd of 58,107 who

were standing and cheering as their team went down to defeat. And why not? In a curious twist, the loss should boost Rutgers' hopes of breaking into the Top 20, while Alabama's inability to squash this upstart should cost it voting power in the polls. It was Bryant who offered the best summation of the topsy-turvy affair. "We won the game," he said, "but Rutgers beat us."

If the result was disappointing for Bryant, it wasn't as bad as the first time he went to New York with an Alabama team. That was in 1933 when he was a sophomore and the Tide suffered its only loss of the season, 2-0 to Fordham in the Polo Grounds. "That was the first time I'd been to New York and it was a big deal for me," Bryant said last week. "We came up on a train and got to see a little of the town. I remember large buildings."

That memory was one of the considerations that led Bryant to schedule last Saturday's game with Rutgers. "Most of these kids have never been to New York," he said. "They're from rural communities like I was. I like to take them places." On Friday morning he sent them on a 2½-hour bus tour of the city. They crossed the George Washington Bridge, rode past the United Nations and the Empire State Building and on down to Battery Park, where they disembarked to take a look at the Statue of Liberty. "What they really noticed, though," said C.D. Tatum Jr., the school's athletic business manager, "was old native New Yorkers—those winos with their bottles and the drunks lying in the gutter. They'd seen all those things in pictures and in the movies, but they thought that was just playingact."

Bryant himself pissed up the tour. "I've been here plenty of times," he said, "and when I come to town I stay in my hotel and only go out to do my business. I'm afraid to walk those streets alone." No matter, New York came

to the Bear. On Thursday night the Giants' head coach, Ray Perkins, an ex-Bryant player, visited him. Friday night it was Sonny Werblin, who owned the Jets when they signed Joe Namath out of Alabama, ran The Meadowlands for a while and now heads up Madison Square Garden. That same night George Steinbrenner offered to send a limousine to bring Bryant to the Yankees-Royals playoff game, but Bryant declined. "Bear'll stay home like he always does," said Alabama Assistant Athletic Director Charlie Thornton. "He doesn't want to get up here and be bigdogging it and overlook some detail."

It was Werblin who initiated the idea of a Rutgers-Alabama matchup back in the mid-'70s. Bryant was staying at Werblin's home in Golden Beach, Fla. and Sonny was showing him the architect's drawings for The Meadowlands, which was then under construction. "I can't wait to see Alabama play Rutgers in this stadium," said Werblin, who until recently was a trustee of the New Jersey school

continued



His kick good, Patricelli went up, as did Rutgers, 3-0

The traffic on the Jersey Turnpike couldn't have given Opelive more trouble than Rutgers did



When Ray scored his touchdown, Alabama was squirming.

"You've got to be crazy," said Bryant. "Our schedules are made up 15 years in advance."

"Well, I know nobody would be stupid enough to turn down a game in front of 78,000 people at \$10 a head," replied Werblin.

"Say those numbers again," said Bryant, and the game was on. Alabama dropped two games against Miami to make room on its schedule. Eventually Alabama agreed to a flat guarantee of \$100,000 for Saturday's game, a top-rate visitor's check, and it will give Rutgers the same when the Scarlet Knights visit Birmingham next year. In both cases the home team makes the real bundle. It's a profitable marriage.

Being able to play a game or two a year in Giants Stadium has been an important factor in building up the Rutgers football program. That program has been steadily on the rise since 1971, when Dr. Edward J. Bloustein became the school's 17th president and urged a new emphasis on athletics. Bloustein autho-

rized full grants-in-aid for athletes. Previously, the school had only given scholarships on the basis of financial need. He also started a campaign to promote the fact that Rutgers is The State University of New Jersey, a move he hoped would stem the outward flow of top prospects from the country's eighth most populous state—people like Franco Harris, Joe Theismann and Drew Pearson. In 1973 he brought in Burns, who was known as Flaming Frank when he quarterbacked Rutgers in the mid-'40s. Burns won six games that year, seven the next, and has never won fewer than eight since. In 1976 his team led the nation in defense and was undefeated, untied and uninvited to any bowl game. Rutgers got its first postseason bid in 1978, losing to Arizona State in the Garden State Bowl 34-18. Upgrading has had its occasional embarrassments, like the 1977 Penn State fiasco, but the Scarlet Knights have shown progress. Last year they traveled to Knoxville and upset Tennessee 13-7. "That

got our attention," says Bryant. "Shirley Temple teams don't do that."

With another strong defense and a talented thrower in senior Eddie McMichael, who had completed almost 70% of his passes, Burns' 1980 team was off to a 4-0 start. That looks swell on paper, but the opponents were Temple, Cincinnati, Princeton and Cornell. There was a lot of worry in New Brunswick last week that Rutgers might not be ready for a truly major league power like Alabama. "When I was told six years ago that we would be playing Alabama in 1980," says Burns, "it didn't bother me a damn bit because I figured by that time I'd be fired."

It was Bryant who best expressed what Rutgers stood to gain last Saturday. At a press conference on the eve of the game he said, "If Rutgers beats us, I think their program's made. Everybody—alumni, administration, coaches, players—will jump on the bandwagon." Not that Bryant ever considered losing. There was a strong suspicion that while Bryant said

he had brought his team north to see New York he had also come north to let New York see his players. As the team's best defensive performer, End E.J. Junior, put it, "It's exciting to play in New York in more ways than one. The press can see you in real life, and a good performance can be convincing when it comes to poll time. And if you're thinking of individual honors, a good performance can help out. Like Coach Bryant says, 'It's where everything starts.'"

Bryant's trademark is self-deprecation, and he habitually poor-mouths his teams, but he sounded convincing at the Friday press conference when he said, "We're not a well-disciplined team, and I thought by this time we would be. This team is not even close to last year's." He lost nine of 11 offensive starters from that team through graduation, and he has been hard hit by injuries. For the time being he has made do with sheer numbers, always a strength at Alabama. He interchanges two complete offensive lines, and against Kentucky two weeks ago he used five quarterbacks and 16 running backs. He uses so many players, in fact, that in the opener against Georgia Tech his top runner, Major Ogilvie, carried just one time. Saturday against Rutgers he ran the ball six times.

Ultimately, Alabama beat Rutgers only after being forced to abandon what it does best—run the ball—and start throwing. The Crimson Tide had averaged more than 42 points and 397 yards rushing per game to lead the nation in both categories. But against a defense that ranked fourth in the country in stopping the run, Alabama found itself with a narrow 10-6 lead midway through the third quarter and going nowhere.

Bryant was not surprised. Analyzing Rutgers beforehand, he had emphasized its strong rushing defense, but then added, "If they won't let us run, they've got to let us pass. We can complete the pass in a one-on-one situation." Now, as Alabama took possession on its own 28-yard line, Bryant ordered the pass. At that point Alabama quarterbacks had thrown seven times without a completion, but on first down Don Jacobs threw a perfect strike to Split End James Mallard near the left sideline for a 23-yard gain. Not surprisingly Jacobs decided to come right back to Mallard. This time he called a "26 belly pass," a play in which Mallard heads downfield, then slants across the middle instead of cut-

continued



BAR TENDER SMIRNOFF STYLE.

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YOU SEE, AND THEN YOU POUR JUST
A LITTLE SMIRNOFF IN IT TO MAKE
IT SPARKLE. AND THEN YOU GIVE
IT TO THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
IN THE WHOLE WORLD, AND YOU SAY,
'I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT I SAID BEFORE...'"



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ting out toward the sideline. As Mallard sped past Cornerback Dan Errico, however, he saw Safety Mark Pineiro stationed well to the inside. Instead of turning in, therefore, he sprinted on for the end zone. Jacobs lofted a perfect pass, and Pineiro could not recover. "I saw the ball," said Mallard afterward, "and I thought, 'It's the only ball up there. I'm the only one out here. It's my ball.'" He gathered it in and raced the rest of the way untouched for a 49-yard touchdown. That two-play, 72-yard, Jacobs-to-Mallard drive ultimately proved the difference in the ball game.

Rutgers wasn't willing to fold, however. The Scarlet Knights had scored the game's first points on a 44-yard field goal by Alex Falcinelli. That was the longest kick of Falcinelli's career and marked the first time all year that Alabama had trailed in a game. Falcinelli added a 39-yarder less than two minutes before the half. In between, though, the Crimson Tide had taken the lead on a 23-yard field goal by Peter Kim, who was born in South Korea and paid his way to Alabama after one year of kicking for the University of Hawaii, and a seven-yard run by Billy Jackson. Mallard's touchdown made the score 17-6, but on the first play of Alabama's next possession Jacobs fumbled the ball away at the Alabama 24-yard line. Two plays later, on a nine-yard swing pass from McMichael to Tailback Albert Ray, the Scarlet Knights narrowed the score to 17-12.

It was at this point that Burns had his mental lapse. He ordered a one-point conversion, narrowing the gap from five points to four, a meaningless difference. A successful two-point conversion would have put Rutgers within a Falcinelli field goal of the Crimson Tide. Asked about that decision after the game, Burns said, "I blew it."

Rutgers knew it had to throw the ball against Alabama, and McMichael went into the game ranked second in the nation in passing efficiency. The Tide countered by blitzing him heavily. "On our pass patterns we don't usually keep our backs in to block," McMichael said afterward. "When they saw our backs leave, they would send somebody in after me. It seems like I always had two face masks staring me in the face when I was trying to throw." Under that constant pressure McMichael was able to complete only two of his last nine passes, and Rutgers netted

just nine yards in the fourth quarter.

Still, the Scarlet Knights got one more good chance midway through that quarter when Ken Smith returned an Alabama punt 40 yards, crossing the entire width of the field in the process, to give Rutgers a first down at the Tide 33-yard line. Just six yards would put Falcinelli in his 44-yard range, but now, of course, a field goal would do no good. McMichael tried to pass and on third down was sacked for the fifth time in the game. In all he was trapped behind the line six times for losses totaling 80 yards, and that statistic, more than any other, explains how the Crimson Tide dodged an upset.

Afterward, an Alabama cheerleader posed outside her team's dressing room with a red sign with the number 301 in white numerals on it. That is the number of wins Bryant now has. He needs just 14 more to pass Pop Warner and Amos Alonzo Stagg to become the winningest collegiate coach of all time. But inside the locker room Bear didn't feel much like a winner last Saturday. **END**

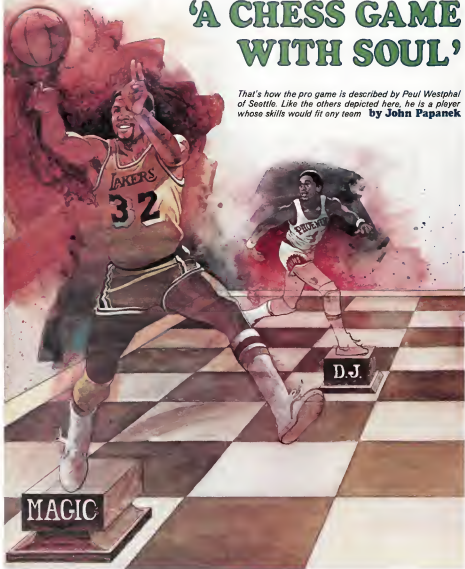
Warbin (below left with Meadowslands official Bill Hyland) persuaded Bryant that an Alabama trip to New York would be mutually profitable



PROBASKETBALL

'A CHESS GAME WITH SOUL'

That's how the pro game is described by Paul Westphal of Seattle. Like the others depicted here, he is a player whose skills would fit any team **by John Papanek**





CONTINUED

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As professional basketball enters the '80s, one can't help but wonder what Dr. James Naismith might think of the game he invented 89 years ago in a Springfield, Mass. YMCA. After all, if Naismith, a Protestant minister, was appalled when basketball was first played for pay in dance halls and smoke-filled arenas in the '20s and '30s, what would he think of the NBA on CBS in 1980? Or, to put it another way, can there possibly be a place in the good doctor's delicate and gentlemanly game for the Darryl Dawkins "Doctor Naismith, Get Outta the Waysmith, There Are Peach Basket Splinters All Over Your Facesmith" slam dunk?

Don't choke on your Red Auerbach autograph-model cigar, but the answer is yes.

Of all the team sports, professional basketball comes closest to being an art form. It's musical, balletic, continuous, fluid and spontaneous as it achieves order from what might be the chaos of 10 giants running and clashing on a small rectangle of hard wood. Naismith recognized this. When he tacked up his peach baskets, he encouraged individual freedom in his patterns and rules. "What this generation wanted," he wrote, "was pleasure and thrill rather than physical benefit only." By making the objective of his game a goal high above the heads of the tallest players, he required that

the ball be "thrown in an arc" and intended that force and roughness be "of no value."

Naismith might have foreseen the likes of 6' 8" Magic Johnson and 6' 9" Larry Bird, who can turn the basic pass into something utterly wonderful. But it's doubtful that he envisioned 240-pound power forwards or seven-foot centers. Or the play of Julius Erving, George Gervin, David Thompson and Marques Johnson, who have taken the game into the stratosphere and, in defiance of gravity's law, kept it there. Or the shooting of guys like Paul Westphal, Downtown Freddie Brown and Lloyd (formerly "All-World") now just "World") Free, who launch impossibly graceful intercontinental missiles that score with frightening regularity. And no way did he imagine Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's sky hook or Dawkins' funk dunks. All of which makes the good doctor's credentials as an inventor all the more imposing. He devised a game so flexible, so indulgent of individual artistry that it has flourished even when played by men whose talents Naismith never imagined.

The Catch-22 is that no one of the game's circus moves is worth more than five seconds of video-taped highlights unless they are worked into the larger framework of the team. Abdul-Jabbar, alone, is a superb player but not a champion. Give him help, match all the right pieces together, and something magnificent happens. Last year one of those pieces was the 20-year-old Magic, who il-

luminated the L.A. night with his dazzling trickery and schoolboy enthusiasm. The result: an NBA title.

Basketball is most magical when all players apply their great talents in a way most helpful to the team. The scorers must score, the rebounders rebound, the passers pass, the subs do their chores cheerfully. The concept couldn't be more simple to state or more difficult to master. But it was practiced by Bill Russell's extraordinary Celtic teams and emulated by all championship clubs since. Just because the Gervins and the Frees have reputations as "bogartars"—selfish show-offs—doesn't mean their talents couldn't be harnessed and blended with others to form a devastating team. In their defense—though some might say their scoring averages prove they can't be defended—Gervin has never had a center to play with in San Antonio, and Free was the Clippers' only scoring threat. Some NBA people think Free would be an excellent player on a team like the Lakers, or even back with the 76ers, if he would apply his talent with a bit more discretion. That's one of the reasons why pro basketball is such a beautiful and delicate game. Terrific players can look awful on some teams, awful ones can be terrific on others.

Take Dennis Johnson, for instance. When he blossomed into a superb defensive guard in 1978 and '79, Seattle became an NBA finalist and then the league champion. But last year, when Johnson seemed more concerned with scoring than the dirty work of playing D, Coach Lenny Wilkens decided he was a "cancer" that had to be eliminated. Nevertheless, Phoenix was happy to take him in a trade for Westphal, one of the league's most dependable scorers. The teams did more than exchange outstanding players; they each created a new chemical mix.

An All-America at USC and an All-Pro in sunny Phoenix, Westphal brings enormous skill and a thoughtful perspective on the game to rainy Seattle. "College basketball has the students, the alumni, the cheerleaders, the bands and changing players," he says. "But anyone who thinks their game is better than ours is crazy. In college, the coach is the star. We've got the players, and our games are great. I think the problem is in the way our game is seen. Team manage-



Golden State's Atilas and Free seem headed for a philosophical joust over team play.

ments have tried to sell individuals, and it's not an individual game."

Westphal believes that other qualities should be emphasized: "The best thing about basketball is that when you play right, no matter how good the opposing team is, there is always something you can do to affect the other guys' game. If they've got a big guy, well, he might not be fast. If they've got a great shooter, he might not be able to pass or drive to his left. The challenge is to attack their weakness and protect your own. But amid all the teams' moves and countermoves, there is still a chance for creativity, for the artistic talents of the individual to come through. It's like a chess game, but a chess game with soul."

But what about the malcontents who jump teams without shame, who want to renegotiate this year's contract before the ink is dry? A few years ago, when he was the object of a famous bidding war between the Knicks and the 76ers, that noted team man, George McGinnis, walked away from his latest multi-million-dollar offer and told a reporter with a wink, "If they only knew that I would play basketball for *nothing*."

Milwaukee struck gold when it signed UCLA's Marques Johnson to a modest six-year contract in 1977. When Johnson became an instant superstar, the Bucks marketed their team by marketing Marques. But last year, when Johnson tried to bring his salary into parity with those of the game's other stars, the Bucks tried to persuade their fans that Johnson was a greedy ingrate. After he and the team came to terms, the Bucks went back to touting Johnson as "the best all-round player in the NBA," and he led them on a solid charge toward the championship.

"It's the sport that I love, not the business," says Johnson. "The business end messes everything up. I almost wish there was no money in it, then we could all go out and enjoy playing like we did when we were kids. I'd still play if there was no money, because it's the best game there is, and you can play all the time if you want. Anybody who's ever been into it, pro or playground, knows what I'm talking about. When I'm playing ball, it's like I'm not even part of the earth—like I belong to a different universe."

The two top scorers in the NBA the past two seasons—Gervin and Free—are known to most fans as merely that, top

scorers. To many, they are anathema to Naim-Smith's concept of team play, even though, in fairness, they have done only what was expected of them. Free was brought to San Diego by his former Philadelphia coach, Gene Shue, who took one look at the undermanned Clippers and said to Free, "Lloyd, put it up whenever you want to." Free did, averaging 28.8 points on 48.1% shooting, and came close to leading his team to the playoffs the last two years. When Paul Silas, a no-nonsense team man, took over as coach of San Diego this summer, he immediately summoned Free to discuss what would be the Clippers' new philosophy. Shortly after the meeting, Silas shipped Free to Golden State. Free was quoted as saying, "Nobody is going to change my game," and his "All-World" rep went with him.

"I never said that," Free claims. "Paul and I would have gotten along fine. The problem was with my contract." How will he get along with Warrior Coach Al Attles, who is famous for settling disagreements with one menacing glance? "Just fine," says Free. "I'll take two shots a game if that's what Al wants. I'm a team man through and through." If Free is sincere, the Warriors will be the better for it.

Gervin is also facing a special challenge this year. The Spurs may have found a way to make the Iceman—a constant contract squabbler—shut up or put up—or, more precisely, put up less. His new contract pays him a base salary of \$3.6 million over the next six years, but a unique clause will give Gervin—and every one of his teammates—a bonus for each win between 36 and 56 in the 82-game season. (Last year's record was 41-41.) For Gervin, bonus victories will pay him something like \$14,000 apiece.

"I might have to score 30, I might not," says the Iceman, whose 33.1-point average last year made him the fifth player in league history to win three straight



San Antonio hopes its cash-incentive plan will spur Gervin to put the team interests ahead of his own

scoring titles. "Maybe I'll have to score 50. People have said I'm an individual player, but I don't like the rap. This game here's not an individual game, it's a team game, and a team player's the only kind that wins. On my team I put 'em in the hole because I'm trying to win."

Although this may be a self-serving definition of the "team" concept, there is no doubt that Gervin is a player of such tremendous talent that he can score anytime from anywhere against anyone. Unfortunately, he has a compulsion to prove his scoring ability time and again, mindless of the fact that only once since 1950 has an NBA scoring leader played for the league champion. (That was Milwaukee's Lew Alcindor—he hadn't officially changed his name yet—in 1970-71.) "I'm perfectly happy being known as George Gervin, scoring machine," he says. "Because in this game the person who puts the ball in the hole is the person that usually gets ahead." Whether he makes a million a year or \$3 an hour, Gervin would still be playing ball, he says. "Always. Until they have to put me in the grave. Maybe even then I might come back if there's a game. I'm always wanting to take somebody one-on-one." The Spurs are hoping that at \$14,000 per, Gervin will also learn to appreciate the beauty of going five-on-five.

CONTINUED



With their specialty, the defense's equivalent of the slam dunk, shot rejectors can alter the course of a game with the flick of a wrist

BIG GUYS ON THE BLOCK

Atlanta's Steve Hawes is clearly on the ball (top left), while Boston's Bob Parish knows how to make a shooter come up with zeros (below left). When he's able to play, and unfortunately he can't right now, San Diego's Bill Walton blocks with the best

CONTINUED



SHOOTING DOWN SHOOTERS

The blocked shot is to basketball what the pick-off play is to baseball or the interception to football. It can transform a game, not only because of its startling immediate effect but also because of its psychological aftereffects: exhilaration for its perpetrator and humiliation for its victim. It might even be called the slam dunk of defense.

Shot-blocking is the special weapon of the biggest players, men like Cleveland's 7' Elmore Smith, who became the first player to lead the league in that statistical category when it was introduced in 1973-74. In the process Smith, who was then with the Lakers, also set the single-game record of 17 against Portland. "You can push and you can shove underneath," Smith says. "But is there any better way to protect the basket than to stop the ball before it gets there?"

Smith, 6' 11" Bill Walton (with Portland in 1976-77), and 6' 11" George Johnson (with New Jersey in 1977-78) are the only three men to wrest the shot-blocking title away from the Lakers' 7' 2" Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. With a career average of 2.19 blocks per game—representing a potential scoring swing of 8.76 points—Abdul-Jabbar is today's master of the reject. Kareem began to learn the fine art of shot-blocking from high up in the old Madison Square Garden, where as a tall, lean seventh-grader, he could stretch his legs over a couple of seats and study the technique of Boston's 6' 9" Bill Russell. "He'd get a rebound or block a shot," Abdul-Jabbar remembers, "and the Celtics would take off on the fast break. But Bill would stay on the defensive end of the floor. I'd watch him, study him closely, and sometimes I noticed he'd just stand there. I tried to figure out what he was doing, and, finally, I realized it was part of the game plan. It was his job to start the break but not be an integral part of it."

Walton, now San Diego's limping red-head, has a style that closely resembles

Abdul-Jabbar's. Walton says he lays back so he can "sucker the man into thinking he has the shot. Then bang, you're right there."

Another man who's often right there is 7' Robert Parish of Boston. Recently acquired from Golden State, he matured as a shot rejector in 1979 when he finished with 217 blocks, fourth in the league. A foot injury kept him out of the lineup much of last season when he just missed the top 10.

The bone of all shot blockers is goal-tending, which gives the shooter two points whether the ball would've gone in or not. Probably no one has been called for that infraction more often than Johnson, who now is with San Antonio. While playing for the Nets last season, he reached high for a shot but pulled back when he realized that he had jumped too late to legally block the ball. So notoriously to Johnson become for his goal-tending that Referee Lee Jones blew his whistle in anticipation of making a call and then embarrassingly had to acknowledge his error, describing his toot as "inadvertent." Johnson has made enough clean blocks not only to lead the league once but also to finish second in the two seasons since. Good thing. With his meager 5.8-point career scoring average, he'd probably be out of a job if he weren't a notable rejector.

Akron's Dan Roundfield and teammate Wayne (Tree) Rollins are also among the league's top blockers—when they can stay out of foul trouble. Their combination of 639 personals and 383 rejections last season had much to do with the Hawks finishing first and fifth, respectively, in those two team categories. The 7' 1" Rollins, who has a 42-inch sleeve length, is one of the NBA's most prolific blockers per minutes played. Roundfield, a 6' 8" power forward, is often matched inside against the opposition's strongest player. Roundfield, a righthander, has found how helpful his left hand can be. "I can get away with letting my man get by me a little and then use my left hand to take his righthanded layup before it gets to the glass," he says. Bill Russell, a

natural lefthander, adds, "I'd go up with my mirror hand. That way I didn't have to reach across to make my block. It gave me a stronger and surer hand on the ball."

While height and arm reach are shot-blocking essentials, most rejectors agree that timing is the most important element. "To block a man's shot you must be in synch with him," says Johnson. This synchronization is achieved by the defender leaving his feet a split second after the shooter has—so that the defender will be at the apex of his jump just as the ball is released.

When this deft bit of timing is carried off, the satisfactions can be substantial. "Blocking a man's shot gives me the same feeling a scorer gets from hitting three straight jumpers," says Johnson. "I can play the game and not score. It doesn't bother me. I just want the other guy's shot." Because most blockers aren't high scorers, this feeling is widespread among them.

All blockers, scorers and nonscorers alike, believe in working over an opponent's psyche. Phoenix' 6' 4" Dennis Johnson, who led the league's backcourt men with 82 blocks for Seattle last year, while pumping in 19 points a game, says, "Shot-blocking is a great intimidating force that I think is underplayed. When you block a man, it lays on his mind. The next time, he'll be thinking about it, and maybe he'll change his shot just a bit, and miss." Indeed, merely having an opponent think you'll block his shot is often as good as a BLK on the stat sheet. Entire teams have changed their offensive patterns because of the presence of an intimidating rejector.

Russell says that his primary concern wasn't how many blocks he got—even the best rejectors rarely get more than four a game—but when he got 'em. "I've always said that, even if I'm lucky, I can only block from 8% to 10% of the shots taken against me," he once explained. "The real secret is knowing which 8% or 10% to go after. If I block only 8% of the shots you take, but 90% of the ones I go after, who's going to be negatively affected, me or you?" Washington Coach Gene Shue adds, "A block that happens late in the game, on a crucial play, can be very damaging mentally. Even if it psychs the other team out for only an instant, that can be enough to decide a game."

—ROY S. JOHNSON

The Lakers' Abdul-Jabbar (far left) is the game's premier shot-blocker, while Golden State rookie Jon Barry Carroll has a rejection syndrome.

SCOUTING REPORTS

ATLANTIC division



New Jersey tried its center to open the door for Givens.

Everyone knows that NBA champions do not repeat, right? And that in the Western Conference there is no team that looks stronger as the season begins than the defending champion Lakers, right? So who do the smart early-money guys think will win the 1981 championship? Philadelphia, of course. Better carry that money in buckets, too, because the 76ers are loaded. Their preeminence in the five-team Atlantic Division is such that Boston Coach Bill Fitch, whose miracle Celtics had 61 wins and finished two games ahead of the 76ers last year, talks of challenging for second place.

Philadelphia is so strong that it almost deserves a bye for the entire regular season. Besides Julius Erving, who seems to be getting younger and stronger each year, Caldwell Jones, who is simply getting better, and Bobby Jones and Steve Mix, who don't have to get better, there are other reasons for Philly to be confident. The backcourt could hardly be

better. Lionel Hollins was a savior last season; he arrived in Philly on Feb. 8 and stepped right in as a running mate to Point Guard Maurice Cheeks. The Sixers have added a can't-miss rookie, Andrew Toney from Southwestern Louisiana, who impressed the observers in training camp with his instant acceleration and strange but deadly jumper—a jackknifing pop from in front of his face, seemingly launched with two hands. And, as an unexpected bonus, Doug Collins is back after complex foot surgery. In the last two seasons, including playoffs, he has played in 83 games and missed 108.

Philadelphia's greatest concern continues to be Center Darryl Dawkins, whose 14-point, four-rebound performance against the Abdul-Jabbar-less Lakers in the sixth game of last spring's championship series has never been explained. The Sixers hoped Dawkins would come to camp

considerably lighter than the 255 he supposedly played at last season, figuring that adherence to the league's new rule banning neck jewelry would eliminate 10 pounds by itself. But Dawk returned at 273, and then he managed to gain weight during two-a-days. Coach Billy Cunningham worked him harder in camp than anyone, and now he's down to 260.

If Philadelphia gets the 60 or so wins it should, the main reason will be Erving, who is coming off his best NBA season (26.9 points per game) at age 30. "I feel I am respected by the vast majority of players," he says. "Those who don't respect my game or my attitude are jealous, and that's their problem."

The house that Red Auerbach built last year with Rookie of the Year Larry Bird and new Coach Bill Fitch, lost some shingles during the preseason, so here the Celtics come again, with another new cast. The first change occurred when Pete Maravich announced his retirement. But

given Maravich's age and poor physical condition, this was a minor loss compared to the one that followed. Nine days before the season began, captain and spiritual leader Dave Cowens decided he could no longer perform effectively and stunned his mates when he stood up on the team bus in Terre Haute, Ind. and announced that he had played his final game. He made a special point of huddling with his successor, former Golden State Center Robert Parish, in a sort of ritualistic passing of the mantle, but how can he pass the hellfire that burned inside his Celtic-green heart for 10 seasons?

Fortunately, the Celtics are well-stocked with big men—7' Parish, 6' 11" Rick Robey, 6' 10" Bird and their No. 1 draft pick, 6' 10" Kevin McHale. Parish is a good scorer, but he's not the passer or runner or defender Cowens was, even on bad feet. Fitch wants to put Parish in the low post, an alignment the Celtics rarely used in the Cowens years, so that Bird can then move to the high post. Positioned out front, Bird can better use his passing talents, the best of any player in the game today.

The Celtics are set at the point, Nate Archibald having come to contract terms just three days before the season opener. Now he must come to terms with the new lineup that has Parish in place of Cowens and M.L. Carr, the small forward-turned-guard, ahead of last year's starter, Chris Ford.

Washington's new/old coach, Gene Shue, has one big problem and a bunch of little ones. The big problem? "I have to win, get this team into the playoffs for the 13th straight year, and still rebuild the team," he says. The little problems? Wes Unseld, Elvin Hayes, Bobby Danridge, Kevin Porter, Kevin Grevey and John Williamson.

After five years in Philadelphia and two in San Diego, Shue returned to the Bullets to find little had changed since he last coached them in 1967-73. Hayes is still racking up marvelous numbers (in the 81 games he played at age 34 last season, he averaged nearly 40 minutes, 23

points, 11.1 rebounds and 2.33 blocked shots) and Unseld can still rebound (13.3, third best in the league at age 33), set big picks and move s-l-o-w-l-y. On the first day of training camp, Unseld actually ran—not walked—an eight-minute mile. "But I did the last 20 yards as fast as I did the first 20," he said. Shue must keep the veterans happy and playing, and arrest the slide that caused the 1979-80 Bulls to fall to a 39-43 record. He will have to rebuild around forwards Mitch Kupchak and Greg Ballard. Kupchak's successful recovery from back surgery and Ballard's development into a first-rate (but on the Bulls, non-starting) power forward will make that job easier. However, the backcourt situation is complicated by the moodiness of Porter, the slowness of Grevey and the erratic behavior of Williamson. No. 1 draft pick Wes Matthews is a 6' 1" playmaker brimming with talent and pep, but he, too, has a history of difficulties with coaches. How will Shue use him? "Very carefully," says the coach.

The New York Knicks have suddenly become the league's No. 1 show team—as in Guard Sugar Ray Richardson's promise, "We're going to give the Garden crowd a show." But will they win more than the 39 games they won in

1979-80? Even the '76ers don't have as many players with the flashy talents of Richardson, who last year led the league in assists, steals—and turnovers; his slick-shooting backcourt mate Ray Williams; second-year Center Bill Cartwright and newly acquired Forward Campy Russell. Only Coach Red Holzman's gray suit evokes memories of what the Knicks once were—the model of conservative elegance in pro basketball. In those days, success was measured by how often the Knicks held opponents to fewer than 100 points; now, for the most part, they will win only on nights when they score around 120. If 7' 1" Marvin Webster's fragile knees hold up all season, Cartwright can become a devastating big forward, Russell will be free to drive or bomb away from 22 feet—and the Knicks might make the playoffs. But during preseason, Webster was barely able to run. Richardson and Williams could form a solid backcourt if they can control themselves; rookie Reggie Carter will put pressure on them to shape up. Mike Woodson, who at 6' 5" played forward at Indiana, will help the Knicks keep up with the league's trend toward taller guards.

The New Jersey Nets will bring up the rear of the division, but they, too,

are greatly improved. First-round draft-ees Mike Gminski and Mike O'Koren are young players to build a dream on. O'Koren, a forward, could pass as the twin of Philadelphia's Bobby Jones in physical appearance, style of play and college background (North Carolina). "He understands the game better than most rookies," says Nets Coach Kevin Loughery. "Reminds me of myself." Gminski, 6' 11", should convince doubters that he's no Kent Benson, another big, white All-America center who has been a disappointment since he entered the league. Gminski is an excellent shooter who needs to learn defense. Loughery is upset that New Jersey let shot-blocker George Johnson sign with San Antonio. "You just can't lose your starting center in this league," he says. "Now Mike will have to jump right into the fire." If Gminski can take the heat, the Nets won't do badly at all. Former Cavalier Clarence (Foots) Walker joins eclectic shooter Mike Newlin in the backcourt. At small forward, O'Koren and Jan van Breda Kolff will share the time opposite Maurice Lucas, who is determined to prove that his reputation as the league's best power forward did not come just from playing next to Bill Walton in Portland for two seasons.

—JOHN PAPANKE

CENTRAL division

When the Milwaukee Bucks obtained Bob Lanier from Detroit last year, their record was 29-27; after his arrival they went 20-6 and advanced to the semifinals of the Western Conference playoffs before losing a dramatic seven-game series to Seattle. With Lanier on hand from the outset, and with the addition of talented Forward Mickey Johnson, the Bucks will win their division again, but because of realignment their championship will come in the Central, not the Midwest.

At 32 Lanier still has a most accurate jumper for a big man—he scored 19.2 points per game last year—and some muscle to throw around beneath

the boards, but he's slow and injury-prone. Indeed, he started the season with a busted nose. Backup Center Harvey Catchings can expect to spot Lanier for 10 to 15 minutes every game. At one forward is Marques Johnson (21.7 points and seven rebounds a game), who may be the best all-around forward in the league. The other forward was to have been David Meyers, but he has retired to devote himself to the Jehovah's Witnesses. The Bucks replaced him with Mickey Johnson, who last season led Indiana in scoring. But Coach Don Nelson didn't want Johnson for his 19.1-point average. Says Nelson, "We want Mickey crashing the boards and filling the lanes on the break."

The guards are sharpshooter Brian Winters (16.2 ppg) and playmaker Quinn Buckner. They're backed by the best pair of backcourt reserves in the league, Sidney Moncrief and 6' 5" Junior Bridgeman (17.6 ppg), who also plays forward

According to Coach Hubie Brown, Atlanta's preseason camp was "full of upsetting factors." Center Tree Rollins, 7' 1", was making a slow recovery from knee surgery. His newly acquired backup, 7' 4" Tom Burleson, broke his wrist in a bike accident even before he reported to camp. In addition, first-round draft pick Don Collins was late signing. But most unsettling—and unsettling—was the fate of Guard Eddie Johnson, the Hawks' second-leading scorer last season (18.5 ppg). During the summer Johnson was arrested twice: for cocaine possession and driving off with a Porsche. A psychiatrist has since diagnosed Johnson as a manic-depressive and prescribed lithium. His court date on the drug charge is set for Nov. 10. And yet, despite all this, Brown says Johnson is "playing exactly as he left off last season—which is to say he's really playing well."

Until Rollins or Burleson recovers, veteran Steve Hawes will be the center.

continued

Up front with him will be Dan Roundfield and John Drew. Drew may be the Hawks' leading scorer (19.5 ppg), but Brown is often displeased by his erratic shot selection, sluggish defense and dislike of practice.

The Hawks will again play the half-court and full-court zones and pressure man-to-man with which they led the league in defense last season, allowing a stingy 101.6 points a game.

Under new Coach Jack McKinney the Pacers are no longer a better-shelter group impersonating a basketball team. McKinney has Indiana executing an offense and helping out on defense. He has put in the offense Portland used to win the 1977 NBA title when he was an assistant there, a 2-3 alignment with the center midway up the foul lane. It worked well with an adept passer like Bill Walton, but will it work with James Edwards? "So far, so good," said McKinney during the exhibition season. "Once James understands that his passing game shouldn't come at the expense of his scoring, he'll be fine." Edwards isn't a bad scorer (15.7 ppg), but at seven feet he should be able to do much better than last season's 7.0 rebounding average.

The Pacers have been disappointed in the play of George Johnson, obtained in the Mickey Johnson deal with Milwaukee. So that forward spot goes to veteran Mike Blanton, who's probably more valuable as a reserve than a starter. The other forward is George McGinnis, who reported to camp in excellent condition and then diligently cooperated in running McKinney's new offense.

A better scorer (15.9 ppg) than playmaker, speedy Johnny Davis is back at the point by default, with Billy Knight alongside. Knight, once an explosive point producer, has become so laid back he seems somnambulant at times.

Chicago General Manager Rod Thorn has quietly assembled a talented cast that makes the Bulls a promising team—if. One "if" is free-agent Forward Larry Kenon, late of San Antonio, a highly talented player with a shaky reputation as a "soloist" and "looser." The other "if" is rookie Guard Ronnie Lester. Quick, in-

telligent, poised and a deadly shooter, Lester is still favoring the right knee that he injured while playing for Iowa in last season's NCAA semifinals. Backing up Lester is another rookie, Sam Worthen, who is smooth as silk with the ball but sometimes over-handles it.

The other Bull starters include 6' 7" Guard Reggie Theus, Chicago's leading scorer (20.2 ppg) last season; Forward David Greenwood, who paced the Bulls in rebounds (9.4 ppg) and blocked shots (1.6); and Center Artis Gilmore. Gilmore missed much of 1979-80 with a knee injury and has been slow getting into shape,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICHARD ANDERSON



Chicago will not be caught off guard if Lester's knee holds up

but when he's healthy, he can score, rebound and block shots in bunches. However, one teammate wonders, "Does Artis really want to put it out like Kareem did last year?" And that's yet another "if."

With a new owner, Ted Stepien, a new coach, Bill Musselman, and several new players, Cleveland is a team in transition. A lot of shifts were made as recently as the preseason, when Campy Russell was traded to New York and Fouts Walker to New Jersey, and Guard Roger Phegley and Forward Bill Robinson came in from New Jersey and Kansas City, respectively. Amid the revolving-door confusion, Musselman forged on, stressing defense to the Cavs, who

gave up 113.8 points a game last season, a stat that largely explained the poor 37-45 record.

The starting unit includes leading scorer Mike Mitchell (22.2 ppg) and Kenny Carr at the forwards and Randy Smith and Phegley at guards. The center is Dave Robisch, a reliable journeyman who isn't about to lead any team, much less these Cavaliers, to a championship.

You can't help but feel sorry for Detroit Coach Scotty Robertson. Twice he has been a head coach in the NBA, and twice he has had disastrous records with lousy teams. In 1978-79 he took over after

midseason for Larry Costello at Chicago and lost 15 of 26 games; in 1974-75 he was 1-14 with the expansion New Orleans Jazz. In both places he got the Anne Boleyn treatment. As the fifth coach in the last four seasons at Detroit, he'd probably have more luck trying to raise the Titanic than trying to improve the fortunes of the Pistons. Last year Detroit finished with a humiliating 16-66 record, and things shouldn't be much better this season.

Leading the Pistons is well-traveled Center-Forward Bob McAdoo, whose talent is exceeded only by his loser's reputation. McAdoo didn't practice or play during the exhibition season because of groin and stomach muscle pulls, and he began the regular season in Los Angeles undergoing exploratory tests with Dr. Ernie Vandeweghe. Without him, Detroit lacks a big scorer. Most likely, the starting forwards will be Terry Tyler, the Pistons' leading rebounder and shot blocker though he's only 6' 7", and Greg Kelsey, who also plays on a pogo stick. Robertson hopes to capitalize often on Center Kent Benson's fine outside touch by moving him—and, thus, opposition centers—far outside. It's a good strategy when Benson's hot, but when he's not, the Pistons will get annihilated on the boards.

"O.K., these guys are not very talented," says Robertson, summing up the Pistons. "But they're much better than they showed last year. For one thing, the effort has improved. Especially on the 'D.'" Good luck, Scotty.

—RICHARD O'CONNOR
CONTINUED

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MIDWEST

division

Last season the Kansas City Kings finished only two games behind Milwaukee in the Midwest Division. Now, with the Bucks reassigned to the Central Division, the Kings should easily regain the title they won in 1979. Leading K.C. are Phil Ford and Otis Birdsong, the best pair of guards in the NBA. Ford is a quick, fluid and controlled penetrator who had 7.4 assists a game. He likes to go in low and dish the ball off to Birdsong, who scored 22.7 points a game.

Up front the forwards are 225-pound Reggie King, whose skills are abundant but often misplaced, and 6' 7" swingman Scott Wedman, a radar (51.2%) perimeter shooter.

The Kings' regular center is Sam Lacey, a good passer and an occasional big scorer. But Lacey is 32 and slow, and he couldn't intimidate on defense with a chair and whip. Realizing this, the Kings gave up \$100,000 and a No. 1 draft pick to obtain 6' 10" Leon Douglas from Detroit, and they got a 6' 10" Joe C. Meriwether in a three-way deal with Cleveland and New York. Neither will make anyone forget Bill Russell, but even without superior center play, the Kings will dominate the NBA's weakest division.

San Antonio may be the only team capable of giving the Kings a strong challenge. The Spurs have a new coach, Stan Albeck, formerly of the Cleveland Cavaliers, and pretty much a new team. This is not the same band of running and gunning outlaws who led the NBA in offense with a whopping 119.4 points per game last year and trailed everyone on defense by giving up an equally whopping 119.7. To be sure, the Spurs are still running, but now the fast break is more disciplined. There is also a greater emphasis on team play, and Albeck spent the preseason stressing defense with evangelical fervor. He may have made some progress, too; in one exhibition game George Gervin was actually seen bent over and moving his hands and feet when the other team had the ball.

Of course, offense remains Gervin's game. The Ice Man won his third con-

secutive scoring title last season (33.1 ppg), and his running mate is James Silas, who also possesses a quick trigger and an arsenal of offensive moves. Silas used to spend a lot of time last season arguing with now-deposed Coach Doug Moe, but his relationship with Albeck is so much better that his spirit and game seem rejuvenated.

Last season's third big gun, Forward Larry Kenon, has moved on to Chicago. John Shumate will replace him, while massive Mark Oldberding will be at the other forward spot. The center is former Net George Johnson, who can't throw a ball through a Hula-Hoop but can certainly block shots.

Houston Coach Del Harris thinks a lot of the Rockets' problems of 1979-80 may have been solved by the process of elimination. For one thing, perennial All-Star Rick Barry, a brooding liability last season, has finally traded in his sweat bands for an occasional seat next to Brent Musburger and Hot Rod Hundley. For another thing, Guard Tom Henderson seems to have a much better relationship with Harris this season than he had last. So, as the season began, Harris was optimistic. "We had a great training camp. I think we're ready."

Center Moses Malone, who appeared in all 82 games last season, is always ready. Malone, who averaged 14.5 rebounds a game, second in the league, may be the finest offensive board man in history. Flanking Malone are underrated Robert Reid and veteran Rudy Tomjanovich. Rudy T. has always managed to score around 17 points a game, but he must improve his average of five rebounds. Houston's depth at forward is young and inexperienced. John Stroud and Lee Johnson are both rookies, though Johnson, the Rockets' No. 1 pick in 1979, could be something of a sleeper. Johnson spent last year in Italy and, according to Harris, he had "a great summer-league performance and an equally great preseason." Backing Malone is 6' 11" Billy Paultz, the Whopper, whose main job will be seeing to it that Malone doesn't burn out before the playoffs.

With Henderson back in stride, Houston will once again have the offensive direction it had when winning the Central



With Griffith, hoops may be a new gig in Utah

in 1976-77 but lacked last season. Henderson's running mate, 5' 9" Calvin Murphy, had 20 points a game in 1979-80.

The Denver Nuggets last year had a 30-52 record and missed the NBA playoffs for the first time since entering the NBA in 1976-77. This season could be worse. Especially if anything bad happens to Center Dan Issel. Without Issel, the Nuggets were humiliated 122-98 in the preseason by the expansion Dallas Mavericks, of all teams. "If we lose Dan, we're in for a long, a very long season," says Coach Donnie Walsh. Perhaps to insure himself against injury, the 32-year-old Issel reported to camp at the lowest weight (230 pounds) he has been in years. That should mean another season of 20 or more points and eight or nine rebounds a game. But Issel is still only 6' 9", and that's a problem for the Nuggets against the big boys. Walsh would like to start 6' 8", 215-pound rookie James Ray at power forward, but Ray is recovering from a knee injury. Ray was drafted strictly for his rebounding capabilities, but, says Walsh, "If there's one thing about him that's consistent, it's his shooting. He's a great shooter with great range." Ray can't play until Oct. 21; meanwhile mobile Alex English and Kim Hughes will attempt to take up the slack in the front court.

Guard David Thompson, who missed the final 43 games last season with strained ligaments in his left foot, spent the summer recuperating and rededicat-

continued

ing himself to basketball. He was fully recovered and playing brilliantly in the pre-season when a bruised left heel put him back on the injured list. But then, with the aid of a specially padded shoe, he returned to action and scored 96 points in Denver's last three exhibition games. Joining Thompson at the other guard will be Ken Higgs.

Because of rookie Darrell Griffith, the hapless Jazz will have a little more pizzazz this season. The 6' 3" Griffith may not dunk as often as he did while leading Louisville to the national championship last spring, but he will have plenty of opportunities to show off his blurring speed and exceptional long-range shooting. "We're counting heavily on Darrell to score points for us," says Coach Tom Nissalke, whose Jazz finished last in offense last year (102.4 ppg). "But beyond that Darrell gives the franchise some credibility. In past years the club gave away too many top draft choices for players like Pete Maravich and Gail Goodrich. It's time now to start building."

Griffith should take some pressure off Adrian Dantley, who scored 28 points a game last season. Dantley has a zillion moves inside, and his outside shot has improved considerably. He is also the best rebounder on the worst board team in the league. Billy McKinney gets the guard spot next to Griffith because Terry Furlow, the team's third leading scorer last season, was killed in an automobile accident this summer. The center is Ben Poquette, a 6' 9" battler, who, says Nissalke, is really a power forward.

Down in Dallas, Coach Dick Motta of the expansion Mavericks says he only wants to be "respectable," which is another way of saying, "I don't want to get blown out every night." Adds Motta, "I'm not as concerned about the number of games we win as I am with how we hustle and execute." Motta has the Mavericks executing a simple passing game with a variety of screens and movement away from the ball. Nothing innovative, just basic pattern basketball. "It's nice to coach players who are eager

to play and who run the offense," says Motta, tweaking his former team, the Washington Bullets.

The Mavericks are young, and their talent is only so-so. Any number of them could start, except at center, where 6' 11" Tom LaGarde, formerly of Seattle, owns sole rights. LaGarde does everything well—run, rebound, score, defend and pass. Unfortunately, he won't do anything if his bad knees act up. "We're hoping he stays healthy," says Motta. This concern is understandable since LaGarde's backup is 7' 4" Ralph Drollinger, who got pushed around during the exhibition season. Before the year ends he may be praying to rejoin his former team, Athletics in Action.

Since first-round draft choice Kiki Vandeweghe decided to study prose instead of joining the pros, the Maverick forwards will be 6' 8" Jerome Whitehead and Abdul Jeelani. The starting guards are Geoff Huston and Winford Boynes. Sounds like blow-out time.

—RICHARD O'CONNOR

PACIFIC division

The Pacific Division begins the season with a lot of old faces in new places. "Every few years you have to redefine who you are," says Seattle Coach Lenny Wilkens, whose SuperSonics did just that. "If you see what you're accomplishing isn't what you want, then a coach needs to do something. Or he'll be gone." With this in mind, every team in the division has somehow redefined itself. Now the Pacific is the most balanced division in the league, with any of four teams capable of topping Los Angeles from first place.

How can the defending champions lose with the game's current standard at center, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, and Earvin (Magic) Johnson, who is setting a new standard for playmakers? For one thing, Laker players missed only five games last season because of injuries; by comparison, Portland players were out for a total of 311. L.A. de-

pends heavily on Guard Norm Nixon, an outside scoring threat, and Forward Jim Chones, the team's third-leading rebounder, to take pressure off the Big Guy. Jamal Wilkes had his best season ever, with 20 points and 2.15 offensive rebounds per game. Sky-walking Guard Michael Cooper became the Lakers' defensive stopper, while 6' 8" Mark Landsberger muscled eight rebounds per game. But without even one of these players, the Lakers would be quite beatable over the course of the season.

To start his first full season as coach, Paul Westhead has installed a new system, a double fast-break offense that is designed to set off an "instant attack" after an opponent scores. "Most players' backgrounds are alien to this," Westhead says. "They're accustomed to breathing after a basket. This allows for no breathing time."

Jack Ramsay's system in Portland was riddled by injuries last season. Healthier now, the Trail Blazers think they can make a strong run at the division crown. Despite having only eight men available at one point in 1979-80, the Blazers were still the league's second-best de-

fensive team, allowing 103.3 points per game. Forward Kermit Washington is the Portland anchor on D. The man in the opposite corner, Calvin Natt, helped rescue the O when he joined the team for its last 25 games in '79-80 and scored 20.4 points per game, the highest Blazer average ever. Center Mychal Thompson, out last season with a broken leg, joins Washington and Natt to form the most muscular front line west of Lovetron. Portland had hoped to start off the season with a backcourt of Ron Brewer and the playmaking, sharpshooting rookie Kelvin Ransey. But Ransey held out until late last week, and it figures to be a while before Ransey has his first unit in order. Meanwhile Jim Paxson, a bust last season after being the 10th player selected in the draft, will keep the position warm, and Billy Ray Bates, who joined the Blazers for their last 20 games and had a 25-point average in the Portland-Seattle playoff series, will make it sizzle. "This is a multifaceted team," says Ramsay. "And we have to learn to win with our special skills. You don't win by depending on just one player."

But one player can certainly make a

continued



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difference, which is why Seattle and Phoenix exchanged Dennis Johnson and Paul Westphal. Johnson was the MVP in the '79 championship series, but his mediocre shooting—an 42% the worst of any NBA starter except the Hawks' Armond Hill—was a decidedly negative factor as the Sonics lost the '80 Western Conference finals to Los Angeles four games to two.

Seattle had worries aplenty when camp opened. Lonnie Shelton, one of the game's best shooting (51%) power forwards, was overweight. Center Jack Sikma, he of the new, wavy hairdo, was recovering from ankle surgery. And Gus Williams was at home hoping for a fat new contract, one that would make him the NBA's second-highest-paid guard behind George Gervin. If Williams can overcome all those difficulties and revive the style that took Seattle to the NBA finals two straight seasons, the Sonics may boom again.

Certainly Westphal will make plenty of noise; he has a 17.1-point career scoring average. If Williams stays away, the Sonics might be even better off. Seattle could then pair Westy with Vinnie Johnson, who showed he could do the job during preseason when he averaged 14 points and 4.6 rebounds a game. John Johnson directs the offense from weak forward, and Shelton and Jammin' James Bailey provide an unequal one-two punch at power forward.

To make the most of Dennis Johnson's talents—and replace some of the offense that departed with Westphal—Phoenix has revamped its entire lineup. "These are the most changes we've made since reaching the finals in 1976," says Coach John MacLeod. The odd man out is Guard Don Buse, a perfect, low-scoring running mate for Westphal, but an unlikely complement to DJ's primarily defensive talents. So MacLeod has moved Walter Davis, a three-time All-Star at forward, to the backcourt, where he's 6' 6" size and baseline-to-baseline agility give the league yet another big guard. "I couldn't believe it," says Davis of the switch. "At first I thought they had lost confidence in me. I have less freedom here, and I sometimes forget to call plays, because I've never done it before. But it's fun. Now, I get to pound on the little guys."

On the boards, Davis was usually the pounder, with only one offensive rebound per game, the lowest average among regular small forwards in the league. The Suns will slip the more rugged Jeff Cook into Davis' old spot. And the 6' 7", 239-pound Truck Robinson is back at power forward, where he can provide some badly needed inside help for Center Alvan Adams, who got only 8.1 rebounds a game last year. Adams just can't handle the division's big men, especially with an old foot injury that hasn't fully healed.

After watching his Warriors sink to the level of the Continental Basketball Association last season, Golden State Coach Al Attles decided it was time to start from scratch. Less than 24 hours before the draft, Attles traded shot-blocking Center Robert Parish and the third pick in the first round to Boston for its two first rounds—Nos. 1 and 13. "I believe you find a nucleus and add to it from the inside out," says Attles. "But if your nucleus isn't doing the job, then you have to get rid of it." The new nucleus, via that No. 1 pick, is '79 Joe Barry Carroll, who held out 14 days before signing a four-year contract worth \$1.5 million. Guard Lloyd Free became a rich man, too, after coming from San Diego in a trade for Phil Smith. "I'm a revived man," says World. Then Attles gambled by trading rebounder Wayne Cooper to the Jazz for the potentially explosive but personal-problems-plagued Bernard King, who is fighting alcoholism

"For five years, this thing possessed me and created so much turmoil that basketball became very secondary," King says. "I had a disease and it was killing me. I didn't change to help my career. I did it to live."

King, Free and Purvis Short, Golden State's leading scorer last season with a 17-point average, may have trouble sharing the same ball. But they'll be welcome targets for assist-conscious Guard John Lucas. If all falls into place, the Warriors will be the surprise team of the Pacific Division.

Coach Paul Silas takes over at San Diego after a 16-year playing career, during which he got three championship rings and played in 1,254 regular-season games, just 16 short of the NBA record. Instead of pursuing that mark, Silas spent training camp like any other freshman—bitting the books. "I knew in my head what I wanted to do," he says. "But I didn't know how to put it into any plans so players could understand it. It's tough teaching new habits." So Silas studied John Wooden's *Practical Modern Basketball, 2nd Ed.* and writings by Atlanta's Hubie Brown on defense and Ramsay on his use of Bill Walton in Portland. Even with this knowledge, Silas isn't likely to have much longevity or success in San Diego without Walton. After breaking his foot for the third time in his career, Walton played in only 14 games last season. Silas' plan to bring Walton along slowly during the exhibition schedule lasted only 22 minutes. In the Clippers' first preseason game, Walton scored 17 points in 17 minutes while stepping gingerly. But five minutes into his second outing, something in the foot "gave." A bone scan revealed a possible fourth fracture, and Walton hasn't played since. Without Big Bill, San Diego's center is Swen Nater, last year's rebounding champion with 15 per game. The Opening Night forwards were Sidney Wicks and Joe Bryant, because Silas does not want to rush Michael Brooks, his outstanding rookie. Phil Smith seems sufficiently recovered from a nagging Achilles-tendon injury to open in the backcourt with three-point artist Brian Taylor. High-scoring Freeman Williams will be the third guard.

—ROY S. JOHNSON

CONTINUED



San Diego hopes it can move forward with Brooks

WBL



Mosolino: the only woman coach in the WBL.

Bouncing checks. Overcrowded hotel rooms. All-night bus rides. Empty arenas. So it went during the first two seasons of the Women's Professional Basketball League. That nine teams have made it this far is a tribute to their tenacity. Now in its third—and most crucial—season, the WBL is fighting outside competition while seeking inner stability and offering something for almost everyone. Consider this: the collegiate Players of the Year the past three seasons, Carol (The Blaze) Blazejowski (1978) and Nancy Lieberman (1979-80), will be making their debuts; there is a new woman coach, Kathy Mosolino, in New Jersey; and San Francisco will have a cheering section of gay fans. Yes, ma'am, something for everyone.

Before joining the Gems, Mosolino coached at Fordham, which she intrepidly moved from the small college to Division I ranks in 1978 after she learned that the Rams had been chosen to host the AIAW East regionals. Under her guidance, the Rams advanced to the regional finals. Mosolino is taking another risk in leaping to the pros. Julia Yeater is the only other woman to have in-

trained the WBL coaching ranks, having guided Minnesota during the early phases of the 1978-79 season and the defunct Milwaukee. "There aren't many of us, because most women don't want to put themselves into that kind of pressure situation," says Mosolino. "Sometimes, the disappointments are just too much to take."

Mosolino should be relatively free of disappointment this season. Her Gems should be genuine now that Blazejowski has finally joined the team. Blaze sat out last season to play on an Olympic team that, of course, didn't play. The boycott hurt the league because the players would have benefited from the national television exposure the Olympics have always provided. The Gems have another disappointed Olympian in 5' 6" Guard Tara Heiss.

Two other former Olympians joining the league aren't disappointed at all. Lieberman, a 5' 11" guard-forward who was a leading member of the 1976 team, signed a two-year, \$100,000 contract with Dallas in September. The league's second biggest contract—a two-year, \$52,000 deal with Chicago—belongs to 6' 5" Center Inge Nissen, Lieberman's former teammate at national champion Old Dominion. Nissen earlier played on the 1976 Danish Olympic team.

Salaries like these are risky in a league that saw some teams run up deficits as large as \$300,000 in 1979-80. Since late last season, two teams (Dallas and Milwaukee) have been sold; one owner, Larry Kozlicki, dissolved one franchise (California) and organized another (Nebraska); and four clubs (Milwaukee, two-time finalist Iowa, 1979 champion Houston and 1980 winner New York) have suspended operations. The nine remaining owners are confident that there will not be a repeat of last season, when two teams, Philadelphia and Washington, folded in mid-year. "Any team that starts this year will not fold," says Jersey General Manager Ed Cosner. "We required that everybody show us that they had the wherewithal to get through. We had gotten tired of carrying the weak sisters around."

The WBL will allow the four dropouts to remain shut down for this season in order to refinance. Their players, meanwhile, will become free agents and are eligible to sign with other teams. "I'll

get the team back like repossessing a car," says Iowa owner George Nissen. "Unfortunately, the car may come back without wheels or a motor."

Despite the league's myriad problems, a western competitor has been formed that is eager to take the WBL's place or at least force a merger. With teams in Phoenix, Tucson, Albuquerque, San Jose, Oakland and Orange County (California), the Ladies Professional Basketball Association figures to avoid the steep travel expenses that have hurt the WBL.

The LPBA has held its own collegiate and free-agent drafts and spent the summer wooing, with some success, players from the WBL. The prize catch was Iowa's blonde bomber, Molly (Machine Gun) Bolin, a 32.8-point scorer and last season's WBL co-MVP with New Jersey's Ann Meyers. Irritated by Iowa's unwillingness to renegotiate her \$20,000 salary, Bolin took the Southern California Breeze's money (\$30,000 per year) and ran. "A lot of WBL owners just got in over their heads," says Bolin. "They tried to be too big too fast and thought that spending a lot of money would make them a big league. Heck, what it made them was broke."

With four teams out and San Francisco the only club west of Minneapolis, the WBL has come up with a strange divisional alignment. Four teams—Chicago, St. Louis, Minnesota and Nebraska—make up the Central Division. San Francisco, Dallas, New Orleans, New Jersey and the expansion Tampa Bay Sun form the Coastal Division. The Tampa Bay owner is former WBL Commissioner Bill Byrne, who resigned last month to view this madness from a different perspective. Last year's expansion team, St. Louis, averaged only 1,600 a game, but minority owner Harry Wald knows all about promoting from his days as a St. Louis burlesque show operator. The Streak has sold more than 2,200 season tickets so far, compared to only 22 last year. Things are looking up on other fronts, too. All of the league's teams have radio contracts, and everyone except Chicago will have some games on television. The league's big winner on the court should be the Gems, who are favored to bring the championship trophy across the Hudson from New York.

—ROY S. JOHNSON

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Multiflexing its muscles

Completely multiple and totally flexible, Harvard has run up a 4-0 record using the innovative and confusing formations of its coach and philosopher, Joe Restic

Four and a half minutes into Harvard's game against Cornell last Saturday, Crimson Defensive Back Rocky Delgadillo intercepted a pitchout and raced 93 yards for a touchdown to set his team off toward a 20-12 victory that made it 4-0 for the season. That unblemished record includes a 15-10 win at West Point on Oct. 4. But as surprising as Delgadillo's performance was and as unlikely as it might seem that Harvard could have beaten Army, the most stunning news of the season for Crimson fans has been that the intercepted-lateral-and-93-yard-run-for-a-touchdown is not a standard part of Coach Joe Restic's complicated "multiflex" offense. Heck, just about everything else under the sun is, which makes it the most innovative of offense in the college game.

In the multiflex there are so many players running around the field that you half expect to see Zeppo, Groucho, Chico and Harpo out there displaying the zany razzle-dazzle that enabled Huxley to triumph over Darwin in *Horsefeathers*. Multiflex stands for completely multiple and totally flexible, and Restic designed the system to confuse and immobilize opposing teams. "To me, the name of the game is movement," he says, "and the quickest way to negate the ability of an opponent is through movement and shifting. A defensive player doesn't want to make a mistake. When you move and he doesn't, you've negated his ability."

In the space of only 10 seconds, the Harvard offense may go into as many as three different sets, out of an array of 100 it has in its playbook. "A tremendous advantage," says Restic. There may also be men in motion, and there may be four deep backs, or three, or two, or just one. Sometimes there may even be two quarterbacks in at the same time, with the one over center going into motion as the ball is snapped to the other one lined up in the fullback's position. "The defensive backs can't believe it when a quarterback gets up and leaves," Restic says. "Their eyes get so big. They have to wonder where he's going. Maybe they think he's calling time out." On occasion Restic will tell the officials what

Harvard is going to do so they don't become discombobulated.

Also, the multiflex is so complicated that the Crimson players sometimes become discombobulated, too. Against Cornell, Harvard was penalized 111 yards, often for illegal procedure or an ineligible receiver downfield; and as Ron Cuccia, the 5' 8" split end who can also play quarterback, said of Harvard's first-half performance against Army, "We confused Army, we confused ourselves, and we even confused the officials."

And when the offense runs completely amok, there is always the Crimson's multiple defense to stem the tide with a sack, interception or fumble recovery. And how does that work? "We change in response to the other team's sets," says Restic. "They bend over, call signals, look up, and we're not there." All in all, the multiflex system, both offense and defense, contains so many moving X's and O's that a writer for the *Harvard Bulletin* was once moved to observe, "Restic might have dreamed it, like Coleridge and Xanadu and Kekulé and the benzene ring."

Despite what may seem like far-out football, Restic is no ivory-tower Ivy League thinker. Coaches from all over the country call him to pick his brains.

It's like phoning Stonewall Jackson, Rommel or Patton before a big battle. Restic coached the Hamilton Tiger-Cats of the Canadian Football League to the Grey Cup playoffs three times, and several years ago he turned down the Philadelphia Eagles' head coaching job. Right now his name is being bandied about as a possible successor to Dan Devine at Notre Dame, where Joe Jr. played as a punter and free safety. Last year Ray Malavasi of the Rams had Restic come to the Los Angeles camp for a month to coach Pat Haden and Vince

continued



Restic has learned that the multiflex often requires multi-explaining.

Ferragamo on some of the finer points of quarterbacking, and both found the tutoring valuable. "I was very excited working with Joe," says Haden. "He's a very knowledgeable man."

Restic who is 54, attended St. Francis College in Loretto, Pa., where he played football for two years, but when his coach went to Villanova, he followed. Restic had planned to study engineering, but a course in logic inspired him to major in philosophy, and the writings of Augustine, Aquinas and Jacques Maritain became lifelong interests. "My philosophy is: Search out the truth," Restic says. "Unveil it, be ready and have the courage to follow it, and it will set you free." In conversation, he can talk about the conscience, free will and cause and effect as easily as he can discuss a fake field-goal attempt, and when a Boston sports-writer once tried to butter him up by asking him to state the major premise, the minor premises and the conclusion of the multiflex system, Restic replied, "That's a false basic premise, so I'm not going to answer you in syllogistic form."

After graduating from Villanova, Restic played for the Philadelphia Eagles until a teammate stepped on and broke all the fingers of his left hand. He went into high school coaching and then became an assistant to Alva Kelley at Brown and Colgate. In 1962 he joined the Tiger-Cats as an assistant to Jim Trimble, the former Eagles coach, and in 1968 he became the head man.

Restic had always been keenly interested in football strategy and tactics, but the wide-open Canadian game set his mind ablaze. "I saw the possibilities of using the whole field from sideline to sideline and end zone to end zone," he says. "The rules allowed you to have unlimited motion. With the three-down system in the CFL, you had to give the offense some advantage." Thus was born the multiflex, and the more Restic used it in Canada, the more he thought he could adapt it to the U.S. rules. In 1971, after Kelley had recommended Restic to Harvard as having "the finest football mind in North America," the multiflex took root in Cambridge.

The first thing Restic tells new players is, "Forget everything you've learned. This concept is different." According to Restic, learning the multiflex system "is like taking a course in logic. In two or three weeks, you're into the meat of the course, and once you have the feel of

the concept it becomes easy. Once you have the concept, it becomes fluid, expandable. As a result, we are completely multiple and totally flexible. You can win with many systems, but I don't know any system that will put more pressure on the total defense than the multiflex offense. We do everything. I say this humbly, but it gets the players highly motivated, it's very exciting, and it has fan appeal. Before we walk out there on the field, our kids feel as though they have the advantage. When teams get our films, it's a disadvantage to them."

The Harvard players believe him. "Every week we have new wrinkles," says Brian Buckley, a former high school All-American quarterback who was sought by Arizona State and Nebraska. "One of the reasons I wanted to come to Harvard was the wide-open offense. It's a place where a quarterback can learn. There's no place that can compete when it comes to excitement and imagination of play. We go into the game thinking we're going to score and going to win. There's no telling what he [Restic] could do in the pros."

If the multiflex is so great, how come Harvard can lose? While Restic's career record at Harvard is 51-32-2, very respectable, it is hardly perfect. He believes—and so do his players—that a deficit is caused by player fallibility, not by the multiflex. "The system is wonderful," says Charlie Davidson, a celebrated Cambridge sports savant. "The more it fails, the more it proves itself right. It's always pilot error."

Restic agrees. "If you're talking about the pilot, you're talking about the quarterback," he says. "The plane is fine, and I hope the guy looking after the plane is fine, too."

THE WEEK by HERM WEISKOPF

SOUTH Florida State put its best feet forward and boosted Pittsburgh from the unbeaten ranks 36-22 as Bill Capece kicked a school-record five field goals and John Stark averaged 48.1 yards on seven punts. Capece's three-pointers were from 24, 43, 50, 30 and 44 yards. Stark, who boomed one punt 67 yards, would have had an even higher average had he not settled for a 25-yarder that rolled out of bounds at the Pitt 12

The Panthers, shooting for their 15th consecutive victory, scored first when Dwight Collins caught a 39-yard pass from Dan Marino, whose 18 completions in 34 tries covered 286 yards. The Seminoles, who'd beaten Nebraska the previous week, pulled off their second major upset in a row with the aid of a flexible offense that included plays that could be run either to the left or the right. Quarterback Rick Stockstill, aware that the Pitt defense often overloads to one side, checked off more than half his plays at the line to take advantage of this. He passed for three touchdowns, and his runners went for 163 yards—123 of them by Sam Platt—against a defense that had been yielding an average of only 31 yards a game on the ground. Completing the job was a Florida State defense that forced five fumbles, recovering four of them, and gave up just 86 yards on the ground.

Maryland also thought it might spring a surprise when it went ahead of Penn State 10-3 early in the third period on Charlie Wysocki's five-yard run. But the Terps' visions of ending a streak of 17 losses to the Nittany Lions were short-lived. Less than three minutes later, Penn State's Booker Moore streaked 55 yards for a touchdown. Two TD passes then made the Nittany Lions winners. Freshman Kenny Jackson fought off two defenders to haul in a five-yard toss from Todd Blackledge. Then, on third and goal from the six, Tailback Joe Williams flicked a pass to Fullback Mike Mesede to sew up the 24-10 win.

A 43-yard scoring run was part of a season-high 224 yards pushed by George Rogers of South Carolina in the Gamecocks' 20-7 victory over Duke. Teammate Johnnie Wright gained 162 yards in just 13 cracks.

North Carolina and Clemson were victims in ACC games. A pair of scoring strikes by Rod Elkins helped the Tar Heels knock off Wake Forest 27-9 and put them at 5-0 for the first time since 1948. Obed Asiri, a Nigerian who plays professional soccer, kicked a 52-yard field goal in the final six seconds to give Clemson a 27-24 triumph over Virginia. The Cavaliers took a 24-10 lead into the fourth quarter, thanks to the efforts of Quarterback Lindsay Delaney.

Georgia Tech also put up a good fight, holding heavily favored Tennessee to a 10-10 standoff through three periods. But the Yellow Jackets, whose entire starting backfield was sidelined with injuries by halftime, lost 23-10 as the Vols' Alton Denson kicked fourth-quarter field goals of 40 and 55 yards.

Two winners in Southeastern Conference games also had to scramble. A 17-0 Georgia lead over Mississippi dwindled to 17-14 before the Bulldogs put on a late surge and won 28-21. Georgia's freshman whiz Herschel Walker, playing on a sprained ankle, was held to 44 yards rushing, but third-string Tailback Carmie Norris took over and raked for 130 yards on 15 carries. Louisiana State and Auburn fought like their nicknames—Tigers.

continued

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Two interceptions by Strong Safety Marcus Quinn were instrumental in LSU's 21-17 triumph. Quinn's first steal set up a touchdown, and his second, at his own one-yard line with 49 seconds to go, cut off Auburn's last drive. James Brooks rushed for 210 yards, the most ever by an LSU opponent.

Although only 5' 9" and 160 pounds, senior Wide Receiver Gerald Harp of Western Carolina has been a superb pass catcher. Harp's five grabs for 132 yards during a 28-21 loss to The Citadel made him the fourth collegiate receiver ever to gain 3,000 career yards.

ALABAMA (5-0)

FLORIDA STATE (5-1) NORTH CAROLINA (5-0)

WEST It was smoggy in Los Angeles, but what had Stanford coughing were the fumes left by UCLA's Freeman McNeil as he caught fire in the second half and burned his way to four touchdowns. Stanford built a 21-7 halftime advantage, with Darnell Nelson of the Cardinals scoring on runs of 17 and 30 yards and John Eway passing for another score on his way to a 20-for-34 performance good for 204 yards. Then McNeil took charge, scoring on the Bruins' first four possessions in the second half. After boiling 12 yards around right end for his initial score, McNeil went around left end, broke loose from three would-be tacklers and stormed 72 yards for another. In the fourth quarter, McNeil scampered six yards around the left side to put UCLA ahead and then broke off left tackle, left a slew of Cardinals empty-handed and went 42 yards for the last TD in the Bruins' 35-21 Pac-10 win.

Washington and California fueled their Rose Bowl hopes by winning handily. While drubbing Oregon State 41-6 the Huskies got two touchdowns apiece from Toussaint Tyler, who rushed for 99 yards, and Kyle Stevens, who ran for 92 yards. Rich Campbell led the Golden Bears past Oregon 31-6 by completing 27 of 34 passes for 293 yards. Campbell, who had contacted on his last 15 throws against Michigan the week before, set an NCAA Division I-A record by extending his string of completions to 21 before missing.

Southern Cal built an early lead that led to victory. USC, which held a 13-0 halftime edge at Arizona, triumphed 27-10 as Marcus Allen ran for 201 yards and three touchdowns and Gordon Adams passed for 209 yards. But Arizona State squandered a 17-0 advantage against Washington State, fell behind 21-17 and then rallied for a 27-21 victory. Putting the Sun Devils back on top was a 31-yard pass from Mike Pagel to John Mader with 3:52 left. Pagel outpassed the Cougars' Samoa Samoa 204 yards to 200.

Bingham Young's Jim McMahon outdid both those passers, gaining 408 yards through the air during a 52-17 WAC romp over Wyoming. McMahon, who was not bothered in the least by the Cowboys' eight-man line, had

four TD passes, giving him 17 in five outings.

A 34-yard loss from Marty Louthan to Andy Bark in the final minute enabled Air Force to sink Navy 21-20.

USC (5-0)

UCLA (5-0) STANFORD (4-2)

MIDWEST With their team off to its best start (4-0) in 26 seasons, some Miami fans described a showdown at Notre Dame as "our most important game ever." The Hurricanes' defense, the staunchest in the land against the rush with a per-game yield of 15.7 yards, gave those roots hopes. So did the unrivaled ability of Phil Carter of the Irish, the nation's No. 2 runner, who was out with a severely bruised thigh. After Friday's practice in South Bend, Miami Coach Howard Schellenberger ordered the bus driver to give his players a tour of the campus, perhaps to get rid of the ghosts and goblins that are part of the Notre Dame mystique. Instead of ghosts and goblins, the Irish relied on a defense that gave up only three first downs in the first three quarters. And instead of Carter, Notre Dame sent out Jim Stone, who picked up 224 of his team's 302 yards rushing as the Irish won 32-14.

"So, of Bo ain't so dumb after all," said Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler after a 27-21 Big Ten conquest of Michigan State. What made Bo look smart was his decision, following a roughing-the-kicker penalty called on the Spartans, to give up a field goal that had put the Wolverines ahead 16-13 and go for a touchdown. Schembechler came up smelling like a possible Rose Bowlster when John Wampler flipped a four-yard scoring pass. The four extra points garnered by Bo's gamble provided the margin of victory.

About the biggest decision Ohio State's Earle Bruce had to make was when to yank his starters in the Buckeyes' 63-0 wipeout of Northwestern. There was also little for Indiana's Lee Corso to mull over as his Hoosiers shut out Wisconsin for the second straight year, this time 24-0. And Purdue's Jim Young had fewer decisions to make than ever; he stuck with his move of the week before and let Quarterback Mark Herrmann call his own plays. Herrmann rewarded Young's faith by moving the Boilermakers steadily from both the shotgun and pro-set formations and by hitting on 16 of 23 passes for 191 yards in a 21-7 victory over Minnesota. Illinois took a 20-0 lead at Iowa and hung on for a 20-14 triumph.

Iowa State Tailback Dwayne Crutchfield gave Kansas State the shirts off his back—five of his team's new tear-away jerseys—during a 31-17 Big Eight victory. Tatters were often all that Wildcat tacklers got when they went after Crutchfield, who bulled for 165 yards.

Missouri gained only 66 yards in the first half at Oklahoma State and trailed 7-0 in the third period before blasting loose. Phil Brad-

ley hit on nine of 12 second-half passes for 162 yards. Many of those on-target throws, including two that went for touchdowns, came during a 23-point fourth period that made the Tigers 30-7 victors.

Craig Johnston of Nebraska continued to excel against Kansas. In 1978 and 1979 Johnston came off the bench to rush for 192 and 138 yards, respectively, against the Jayhawks. This time, Johnston filled in for Jarvis Redwine, who was out with a rib injury, and ran for 109 yards as the Huskers breezed 54-0.

John Gagliardi of St. John's (Minn.) became the ninth NCAA coach and the 14th overall to get 200 victories. A 42-10 thrashing of Bethel earned him that distinction.

Central Michigan's 23-game winning streak was ended 24-9 by Ohio University.

NOTRE DAME (4-0)

OHIO STATE (4-1) MERRIMACK (4-1)

EAST What is likely to be best remembered about Syracuse's 31-7 drubbing of Temple is not that Dave Warner of the Orangemen ran 12 yards for one score and passed 66 yards to Chris Jilleba for another. Overshadowing that was Owl Coach Wayne Hardin's removal of his team from the field for 12 minutes in the fourth period. Hardin did that to avoid a clash between his players and Syracuse rooters. Before Hardin intervened, fans had taunted some of the Owls and doaned them with beer. Said Hardin, "They smelled like a brewery."

Army salvaged a 24-24 tie with Lehigh when Dave Aueron kicked a 52-yard field goal, the longest ever by a Cadet, as time ran out. Mike Fahnestock set another Army record: 186 yards on seven catches.

While Harvard remained one of 14 Division I-A unbeaten, Yale was one of nine to lose for the first time. Boston College defeated the Elis 27-9 in their first meeting since 1920. Dartmouth also lost, 17-14, at William & Mary. In Ivy League games, Princeton beat Columbia 31-19 as Chris Crum caught 11 passes, and Brown defeated Penn 42-22.

PITT (4-1)

PENN STATE (4-1) RUTGERS (4-1)

SOUTHWEST "The only two-day game of the century, Houston vs. Texas A&M Oct. 11-12 1980." That was the wording on L200 T-shirts sold for \$5 each to commemorate a bizarre Southwest Conference clash. Ninety years ago, Yale beat Springfield 16-10 in the first "two-day" indoor game, a late-nighter in Madison Square Garden. Last week's tussle at the Astrodome did not begin until 1:33 p.m., having been delayed by the Phil-Aspro playoff game and by a four-hour conversion process that transformed the field from a diamond into a gridiron.

When it was over, Texans joked that A&M

continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

had won Saturday's game 7-0 and that Houston had beaten the Aggies 17-6 on Sunday. Indeed, A&M scored shortly before midnight, was caught at 7-7 early Sunday morning and lost 17-13 after having committed seven turnovers. Terrell Clark of the Cougars rushed for 103 yards, and Quarterback Brent Chinn ran 13 yards for the go-ahead score along about 1:30 a.m. All 46,525 tickets for the game were sold, about 36,000 spectators showed up and almost 19,000 hardy souls lingered until the end at 2:48 a.m.

Despite playing at a more decent hour, Oklahoma and Texas were guilty of 14 turnovers, eight by the Sooners. The Longhorns, who led 10-0 at halftime, fell behind 13-10 early in the fourth quarter and then were led to a pair of scores by Quarterback Donnie Little. In keeping the Longhorns unbeaten, Little ran for 110 yards and passed for 99.

There were some rather haunting similarities between last week's Southern Methodist-Baylor game and its 1978 predecessor. Two years ago, the Bears led 21-0 only to lose 28-21. This time, the Mustangs were up 21-0 and lost 32-28. In '78, Mike Ford brought SMU from behind with four TD passes after

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Freeman McNeil, a 5' 11", 225-pound senior tailback for UCLA, gained only 28 yards in nine first-half rushes but added 220 more yards and four TDs on 20 carries in the second half to help beat Stanford 35-21.

DEFENSE: Mark Carlson, a 214-pound middle linebacker, was the ringleader of Iowa State's all-sophomore linebacking corps as he made 13 solo tackles and helped on eight more during a 31-7 victory over Kansas State.

the Baylor quarterback had fumbled at the Mustang one. This time it was Ford who erred, failing to get a first down on fourth-and-two at the Baylor eight with 18 seconds left. One thing was different: for the first time in their 63-year rivalry both teams went into the game with perfect records.

Rice, too, used a rousing comeback to keep Texas Christian winless. The Owls, down 24-7 at the half, climaxed their resurgence by driving 79 yards in 74 seconds, the last nine on a strike to Hoses Fortane with 50 seconds to be played, to make the score 28-24 in Rice's favor.

Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz warned his team that Wichita State's Prince McJunkins was "the fastest quarterback on this planet." Thus alerted, the Razorbacks firmly planted McJunkins on earth en route to a 27-7 non-conference triumph.

TEXAS (5-0)
 BAYLOR (5-0) ARKANSAS (4-1)



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with more than a cigar.

Two years ago, when Lt. Comdr Lin Walton, a U.S. Navy helicopter pilot, was touring New Zealand with his rugby club and playing against provincial teams, he was asked, "What is the greatest thing you could do in rugby?" Walton replied, "To play against the All Blacks in my hometown of San Diego, in front of my family and friends, as a member of the Eagles." He didn't say anything about winning.

It was a ridiculous idea, as Walton well knew. He was already 32 years old, and the Eagles, the U.S. national rugby team, had shown little interest in him. Besides, the mighty All Blacks, the best side in the world, would never deign to play a team that in its five years of existence had a record of 1-7 in international competition. The All Blacks, in 77 years, were 129-50-11. They had played a U.S. team only once in the U.S., in 1913, beating those all-stars 51-3. But the rugby brotherhood is strong. The All Blacks, planning a trip to Wales, astounded the sport's U.S. Establishment last Sept. 26 with an offer to stop in California for a warmup. And Walton, through a fortuitous combination of his outstanding play and injuries to others, was suddenly scoring with the Eagles. It remained to be seen how high they could go together when they faced the New Zealanders last week in—you got it—San Diego.

The All Blacks' tour came at the end of their season, and the Eagles had not played together since June, when their season concluded. But before the match Eagle Manager Bob Watkins said of the visitors, "They're scared to death. They've got everything to lose by playing us and nothing to gain. But win or lose, we'll be pushed farther into the international sphere and out of an era when U.S. rugby was just a social sport."

Jay Hansen, an Eagle hooker (the equivalent, roughly, of a football center), put it this way, "As for getting gross and bizarre, it just doesn't happen at this level anymore."

Certainly the voice of Jeff Hollings, another Eagle hooker, was a sober one. Born in New Zealand and now an engineer in Albany, Calif., Hollings began



As the visitors ran the score toward 53-6, the outclassed Eagles handled the ball like a hot potato

An All Black and blue day

playing rugby at the age of five, not unusual for a boy Down Under, but rare for an Eagle, few of whom started before the age of 20. "The American game has developed," he said, "but we still haven't learned how to combat the finesse of the overseas teams."

Andy Haden, the All Blacks' 6' 7", 238-pound lock (rugby's answer to football's offensive guard) was playing at the age of five, too. "Every small boy in New Zealand wants to be an All Black," he said, "and I was no different. That's why our standards are so high. Being an All Black is like being a New York Yankee." Apparently no one had told Haden about the Kansas City Royals.

As for other American sports, three days before the Eagles' game the All Blacks saw the San Diego Chargers lose to the Buffalo Bills. The reactions of New Zealand's Andy Dalton to his first taste

The world's best side, from down in New Zealand, trounced the U.S. before the sport's largest American audience

of the NFL were typical. "In that game you've got guys who never touch the ball," he said. "The only thing going for that game is all those Sheila's out there waving their arms." As for the Eagles, Dalton said, "I've heard all sorts of things. I suppose they'll show us a few of those gradiron passes."

The Eagles were thinking only of rugby. In practice they tested themselves on a device called a Gurbuster Scrum Machine—designed to replicate the other side in a scrum. It consists of four leather pads for shoulders to rest on, and is mounted on two mighty springs. Everything is bolted to a two-foot-thick post.

continued

Couch Ray Cornbill would call out "ready-ahh" before each of three successive assaults. More than once Cornbill said, "The last two were really good. See how far the springs went in? But against the All Blacks the first push may be the most important."

"Lots of our guys are practice-weary and game-fit," said the Eagles' team physician, Dr. John Chase. He was certainly half right. The Eagles lineup had been selected after a hard-fought test game only four days before the showdown against the All Blacks; U.S. rugby is still too poor to have held the trials any earlier.

On the eve of the game the Eagles were summoned to a kangaroo court. "These guys are all knotted up. This will help them to laugh and relax," Cornbill explained. Brian Swords was a 6'9" Horrible Hanging Judge, with a rugby shoe for a gavel. He fined Assistant Coach Rod Sears 75¢ for "impersonating a shrink"; the previous day, during stretching exercises, Sears had made the mistake of saying, "Close your eyes and relax." Swords took an equal amount from Hollings "for impersonating an American"; Hollings had said "thdeen" instead of "thirteen," and "fore and aft" instead of "forward and backward." And Walton, dubbed Media Man because, as the local hero on the Eagles, he was so heavily pursued by San Diego journalists, was hit for \$3.75 for having told a reporter that rugby was less important to him than his family.

But then the time for kidding around ran out. Haden looked across San Diego Stadium at Swords and exclaimed, somewhat in amazement, "I'm marking a fellow two inches taller than me."

The All Blacks won the toss, kicked off to get the ball downfield and quickly had the Eagles on the defensive. Although play moved up, down and across the pitch—actually, San Diego Stadium, the home of the Chargers and the Padres—for quite a while it was confined to Eagle territory. The American backs were defending surprisingly well, but that was all they were doing, and they were getting tired and clumsy in the process. Eight minutes into the game a dairy farmer by the name of Brett Codlin kicked a penalty goal, and the score was 3-0 for the All Blacks.

In the scrums the All Blacks were pushing the Eagles off the ball; Cornbill had been right about that first push on the Gutbuster. And when the Eagles mounted offensive rushes, they kept turning the ball over. Once Walton, a wing, broke away, but the All Black backs were stretched out and waiting; there is no blocking in rugby, so Walton's teammates could do nothing to protect him.

The All Blacks continued to pound on and led 21-0 at halftime. Meanwhile, the spectators were still filing in, prompting one San Diegoan to say, "People are always arriving late in this town, to everything. I've seen lines outside live theater an hour after curtain time." And the

new arrivals were being shunted to the seats on the side of the field opposite the four TV cameras. Tony Scott, who was working the broadcast for ESPN, had said, "This game will make or break televised rugby in this country." But he did not say which was more important, a good showing by the Eagles or a stadium that seemed packed. In any event, the 14,000 fans who filled the sections of the stands that the TV viewers would see comprised the largest crowd ever to see a rugby game in the U.S.

Early in the second half the Eagles scored a victory of sorts; an All Blacks' try put them ahead 25-0, but Codlin missed the conversion, albeit from a difficult angle. Minutes later Codlin and his mates were back on the beam, though, and the New Zealanders led 31-0. Then a wondrous thing happened. A pediatrician from Memphis named Dick Cooke made a beautiful 40-yard penalty kick, and the Eagles were on the board with three points. Few of the fans on hand knew or would've cared that Cooke had been born in Ireland, or that he had started playing rugby at the decidedly un-American age of 12.

With 10 minutes remaining in the game, Cooke booted another three-pointer. But the two kicks were the only damage the Eagles could inflict, and sandwiched between them had been three more All Black tries—a third by Woodman and a second by Osborne—and two more conversions. By Codlin, of course. After Codlin swung his mighty foot for the last time, scoring his 21st point, on six conversions and three penalty kicks, the final score was All Blacks 53, Eagles 6, one point closer than the 51-3 of 67 years ago. At this rate the U.S. can expect a tie game in the year 5129.

After the postgame banquet a chastened Watkins was telling friends, "My expectations were higher for tonight, but knowing who the All Blacks are and seeing the teamwork and precision of their play, I'm not disappointed. They've got tremendous discipline. We need a little of that."

And Walton was feeling just fine. He had played against the All Blacks in San Diego, in front of his family—his 9-year-old son, Ian Jr., had been the ball boy for the Eagles—and friends, as a member of the Eagles. And he had played well. Remember, he had never said anything about winning.

END

For the All Blacks' Brett Codlin, it was just a romp in the park as he scored 21 of their 53 points.



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On television, golf is all glamour and sustained players—Tom Watson earning half a million dollars and Jack Nicklaus arriving by private jet. But last week at Pensacola, the tour's second- and third-class citizens chased after the tailings of the year's \$13 million in purses. For the desperate ones, golf is a bottom-line business, and on the PGA tour, the Pensacola Open was the last chance to improve the figures before everyone quit until January.

And so glamour was in short supply at the Perdido Bay Inn and Golf Club, a course laid out on a refilled swamp. Signs cautioned the golfers to take heed of snakes and alligators. Pensacola is somewhere at the end of pro golf's world. But for the rabbits and dew-sweepers of the tour—those who have not met various PGA-established minimums during the season—Pensacola is the biggest tournament of the year. Last week, as Dan Halldorson played toward the \$36,000 first-place check, others at several different levels were struggling desperately to squeeze a few final drops from the money pipeline.

The big prize was qualifying for exempt status—automatic qualification for next year's PGA tour events, which is accorded the Top 60 money-winners. Going into Pensacola, people like Terry Diehl, George Archer and Rex Caldwell (58th through 60th places, respectively) fought for that 60th spot like dogs over an old shoe.

Others were worried that they might be thrown off the tour. To keep their playing privileges, veterans like Stan Altgelt had to finish 160th or better on the money list, while rookies like Jon Chaffee had to earn at least \$8,000 in their first season. Altgelt was No. 161 on the money list, \$27 behind Rod Funseth, while Chaffee was \$352 short of earning his minimum. "This looks like the survival of the worst," Altgelt said.

He had been down this road before. He played the tour from 1976 through



Last crack at the cash

There were far worse problems than alligators at Pensacola—you could lose a PGA card or fail to make the Top 60

1978, had back surgery, lost his playing card and had to go through the qualifying school again last year. This season had produced only \$9,970 in 25 tournaments. It costs about \$30,000 a year to play the tour, and Altgelt sponsors himself. His wife, Lani, teaches school and works nights as a hostess in an oyster bar back home in Dallas so the checks don't bounce. Now, a month shy of his 32nd birthday, Altgelt was saying, "I'm here to make some money. If I miss the cut and lose my card, that's incidental. I live with an extreme amount of pressure every day." At Pensacola, Altgelt played well enough to keep his card, shooting a 68-76-69-71—284, a finish worth a check of \$1,360. That moved him up half a dozen spots on the money list.

Chaffee's view of tour life is markedly different from Altgelt's. Chaffee is 24, single and comfortable with his group of financial sponsors back home in Austin, Minn. In his first 17 tournaments

this year he made a grand total of \$138,47. He missed qualifying in 11 events, including five straight. It was not until mid-June that he got cranked up, and since then he has been respectable. Last week he was only \$351.36 short of the \$8,000 he needed to keep his card. But if he failed to earn a check he would have to wait until next spring's qualifying school for another chance. Thursday Chaffee had a first-round 74 that put him right behind the \$8,000 ball. And so his last

nine on Friday afternoon was nervous time. He figured he needed at least a 70 for the round, two under par, to make the 36-hole cut. Walking along after him was a lone spectator, his girl friend of nine years, Shari Kearns, who had gotten up at 3 a.m. in order to fly from Austin to Pensacola.

Chaffee was three under par standing at the tee on the last hole, a short par-4 with water down the left side. He took out an iron, aimed well to the right, and swung. The ball headed toward the water. Shari was standing 10 feet away when it plopped in. "Oh God," she said.

Chaffee is fair and blond with bright rosy cheeks. Now his face flushed crimson. "O.K.," he said. He dropped away from the water, hit his third shot on the green and carefully two-putted from 25 feet. Then he walked to the scoreboard to see if his two-round total of 144 really would make the cut.

"I was choking so had out there I couldn't believe it," he said. He had not slept the previous night. "I was trying so hard. I think I made it. If I don't, I'm going to die." An hour went by before it was announced that the 36-hole cut would be at 144. Chaffee was in. In the next two days he shot 67-69 and finished in a tie for 10th worth \$4,150.

The race for the last spot on the Top 60 list was surprising because several names involved are often found on the tour's leader boards. Right behind Diehl (\$67,636), Archer (\$66,675) and Caldwell

continued



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(\$64,859) were Lanny Wadkins, the 1977 PGA and World Series of Golf champion, and Mark Hayes, who won the TPC title that same year. Wadkins' money total was \$63,628, while Hayes had \$62,385. Both pursuers were exempt for 1981 by virtue of their major titles, but Wadkins found some dark humor in the situation. "I can make those other guys sweat," he said smugly.

Caldwell, for one, should never have been in the position of looking over his shoulder at Wadkins. At the Buick-Goodwrench Open in late August, he had a four-stroke lead but shot a last-round 75, and finished tied for fourth.

Diehl also felt that bad luck was hounding him. A week earlier he had skipped the Southern Open to attend his sister-in-law's wedding. No money there. And the week before that, at the tour stop in Napa, Calif., he had a very bad time. During the second round there, Diehl was bemoaning his poor play when Jeff Goodwin, the head professional at the Napa course, approached him.

"Don't worry, things aren't going to get better," Goodwin said.

Diehl looked puzzled.

"Remember all the stuff you used to own?" Goodwin said. "That condo you were staying in doesn't exist anymore. It just burst down."

In Florida both Diehl and Caldwell went up in flames. They were paired during the first two rounds, and Diehl



The Heartbreak Duo—Diehl and Caldwell

dubbed their group "The Heartbreak Twosome." They both collapsed and badly missed the cut, Diehl by five shots, Caldwell by six.

Afterward, they were sitting side by side in the bar. "I never gave up trying to make every thin dime, and I came up \$1.98 short," said Caldwell, painfully aware that Wadkins and Hayes probably would move past him.

"Who missed the ashtrey?" asked the barmaid, cleaning up some spilled ashes.

"I missed everything all week," muttered Caldwell.

In the second round at Pensacola, Wadkins shot a 65 and jumped into a tie for fourth place. "Did I strike terror into

Rex's heart?" he asked later, recognizing that to pass Caldwell he needed \$1,232. Which meant he was going to have to finish at least 27th at Pensacola.

Also worried about Wadkins and Hayes was Archer, 41, the winner of the 1969 Masters. For safety, Archer figured he needed \$962, at least 34th-place money, which would edge him past the sidelined Diehl. "I know I'm at the end of my career," said Archer. "I'm just trying to prolong it."

Hearing this, an elderly fan handed Archer a business card and said, "George, I'll give you a job tomorrow."

"I might take it," said Archer.

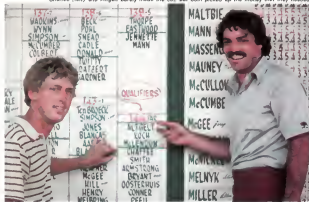
On Saturday, with a morose Caldwell packed and gone home and a still hopeful Diehl hanging around the scoreboard, Archer had a good round going before he bogeyed two of the last three holes and settled for a 72 that left him tied for 59th place in the tournament. Hayes birdied five of the first six holes, then sagged on the last nine and finished with a 69, which tied him for 12th, a position also held by a now glum Wadkins after a lull-luster 72. Everybody had his calculator out. "It always goes down to the last nine holes," said Diehl.

And that is what happened. First Archer went out on Sunday and shot a so-so 72. His \$488 check raised his season total to \$67,163, still \$473 behind Diehl, and it left their fates in the hands of Wadkins and Hayes.

Wadkins finished first. His drive on the 18th hole kicked dead left into a bad lie. Wadkins bogeyed and dropped back to a tie for 10th worth \$4,150, which moved him past both Archer and Diehl into 58th place. Then came Hayes. His last iron shot left him 12 feet from the cup. He practiced his stroke, lined it up—and missed, an error that cost him \$1,850. He also finished tied for 10th, receiving a check that boosted his earnings to \$66,535, still \$628 behind Archer, who had now become the 60th man, with Diehl No. 59.

But wait! Playing in a final group was Gary Hallberg. If he birdied the 18th, he would have second place and \$21,600 and would move well up the money list, bumping Archer. Hallberg studied a seven-foot birdie putt. As it went into the hole, the youngster raised his fist in exultation, but the ball inexplicably spun out. George Archer knew the feeling. As he said earlier, the whole game is nothing but a lot of sweat.

Charlie (left) and Algen barely made the cut, but both picked up the money they needed



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day, he was leading the Browns in touchdown receptions with three, averaging 17.9 yards a catch on seven receptions for 125 yards, all of this while uncomplicatedly participating in no more than half a dozen plays a game.

"Calvin's a perfect example of how it's better to have a good head than it is to have good legs," says the Browns' coach, Sam Rutigliano. His quickness? "Gone," Rutigliano says without a moment's hesitation. "But in the intangible areas, Calvin's contribution to the Browns has been immeasurable." In other words, it is his spirit that quickeneth.

Hill is only 33, but for an NFL back—especially one who has run for more than 6,000 yards and 60 touchdowns—that is antediluvian. Consider: among the backs who broke in with Hill in 1969 were Ed Podolak, Altie Taylor, Leroy Keyes, Larry Brown, Ron Johnson, Carl Garrett and a young man who now spends his Sundays flying into rental cars, O.J. Simpson. Hill, who won Rookie of the Year honors in that august company, is the only one still playing pro football.

Over the hill, Calvin ain't

He broke in with such long-gone stars as O.J. and Ron Johnson, and he ain't as quick as he was, but Cleveland isn't asking the old campaigner to turn in his cleats

Long, long ago, when Calvin Hill was a student at Riverdale Country School in New York City, he learned a line from the school song that went, "It is the spirit that quickeneth." A phrase like that doesn't mean much to a kid in high school, but Hill has been singing it a lot these days. And though the Cleveland Browns' 3-3 record doesn't necessarily reflect it, Hill's teammates are doing their best to sing along.

That's right, Calvin Hill: the ex-Yalie, ex-Cowboy, ex-defector to the World Football League. Why, Hill's such a relic that he even retired from the Washington Redskins back when that was the old-folks home of the NFL. But as of Sun-

"I remember looking at Bob Lilly when I first came in the league and thinking I was ancient," Hill says. "He'd only been around eight years. I wonder what these guys think of me."

The Browns think enough of their graybeard to have voted him captain of the offense, despite the fact that he sees extremely limited duty. With Cleveland's first draft choice having been Heisman Trophy winner Charles White; with Mike Pruitt coming off a season in which he ran for 1,294 yards; and with Greg Pruitt healthy again after missing most of the 1979 schedule, it is astounding there is room for a grizzled veteran like Hill in Cleveland's backfield. But there is, and

he has been making the most of his chances.

"We use Calvin the way Preston Pearson is used by Dallas, mostly in passing situations," says Rutigliano. "He has super hands and is a big target, and he's good at finding a hole in the zone. Other teams know that, and they're very aware of Calvin when he's in there, which means there's less pressure on our other guys, like Ozzie Newsome and Reggie Rucker. So it's tough to measure by statistics just what he's meant to us."

Quarterback Brian Sipe is so aware of Hill's special skills—he is a fine blocker, too—that Sipe has a signal he flashes to the sidelines when he wants the 227-pound Hill to come in the game. "I like to use him when the other team's in a blitzing situation," Sipe says. Against Tampa Bay three weeks ago, Hill and Sipe read a safety blitz and burned it with a 43-yard TD pass. "I just lobbed it to Calvin in the hole that the safety had vacated," says Sipe. "To be honest with you, when I saw the way they were lined up, I'd have been disappointed with anything less. Calvin one-on-one against a linebacker is no contest."

Hill spent last winter and spring working as special assistant to the director of the Peace Corps in Washington, D.C., focusing his attention on the problems of the world's refugees. He attended Southern Methodist's Perkins School of Theology and served as a deacon at the Yale Chapel under the Rev. William Sloane Coffin Jr., and he was active in the civil rights movement. He is a man of voracious curiosity—rare in the self-centered world of professional sports—and what is as amazing as Hill's longevity is that he has managed to retain his almost childlike appreciation of football.

"I enjoy playing; I enjoy watching film; I enjoy strategy; I even enjoy training camp, except I don't like having to eat three meals a day," he says. "I'm the kind of guy who would probably be playing touch football if I weren't playing football here. I'm a fan as well as a player."

Hill's rejuvenation in Cleveland came as a result of his being a fan. He had started the 1978 training camp with the Redskins, with whom he had signed in 1976

continued

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Hill's miscosy in the back on selected pass plays

PRO FOOTBALL continued

after the Hawaiians said aloha along with the rest of the WFL. George Allen was the coach of the Redskins, and Hill was confined to the role of backup for Running Back Mike Thomas. But in the last two games of the 1977 season, Hill had his chance to play and was awarded a game ball on each occasion.

After the season he talked with Allen about the possibility of starting the next year, and Allen agreed that when Hill came to training camp, he and Thomas would be judged as equals. A week later Allen was fired. "Jack Pardee was named coach," Hill recalls, "and the next year at training camp it was the same old story. I knew if I stayed in Washington I'd be a butcher. So I retired."

A few weeks later Hill was in the stands as the Baltimore Colts were being trounced 42-0 by Miami. A friend turned to Hill and said those oft-heard words of the disgruntled fan "You could do better than that." "You know," replied Hill, "that was just going through my mind, too." The next day he began making calls.

The Rams gave him a tryout in Los Angeles, and the Colts talked with him, but, as Hill puts it, "Their estimations of my abilities were not the same as my own."

In 1975, when he was in the WFL, he had undergone knee surgery, and the 558 yards he had gained for Washington in two years were not evidence enough that he had fully recovered. Then, in the fourth game of 1978, with Greg Pruitt already injured, the Browns lost Running Back Tom Sullivan to knee surgery, and they signed Hill. Teaming up in the backfield with Mike Pruitt, Hill gained more than 600 yards and scored seven touchdowns in 12 games.

"Calvin made it clear he wouldn't come if there wasn't a need," says Ruginano. "But he realized his role. He told Greg Pruitt that he wasn't any threat to replace him as starting halfback, but then he added that the position didn't belong to Pruitt, it belonged to the Cleveland Browns. I wish I'd said that."

Hill had been taught the concept of "belonging" to an organization at Dallas, where in six years he gained more than 5,000 yards rushing. Hill went to the Pro Bowl four times and to the Super Bowl twice, but when he tried to get a \$100,000 salary, he was politely, but firmly, refused. "If the Cowboys had paid me what I was asking, it would've upset their whole salary structure," Hill says. "They had the greatest promotion department in sports: you could go anywhere and people knew you. But it's the organization that reaps all the benefits, not individual players. It's not the greatest thing in the world to feel that the organization always comes first. It's like being in the CIA. As soon as I left they gave me my number [35] to Scott Laidlaw. That rattled me a little bit. But it's not my number, it's their number. Nothing belongs to anybody; we're just here to use it for a while, to take advantage of it and not abuse it. Then to leave it, hopefully better, for someone else."

Hill learned that philosophy from a Hawaiian fisherman, who taught him to take no more from the sea than he could use himself or sell. In that way, man could depend on the sea forever. Hill's year in the WFL was rewarding financially—he made nine times what he did during his last season in Dallas—and it blunted the bitterness Hill felt as an educated and perceptive black athlete living in conservative Dallas. "Before you can turn somebody to your way of thinking, you have to understand where they are coming from," he says.

"I was too impatient to understand that before I went to Hawaii."

Hill plans to retire after this season—for good this time. The violence of the sport, the obsessive preoccupation of its participants, have not diminished his love of football. The only time in his career he remembers being intimidated was in the opening game of the 1973 season, when Chicago's Dick Butkus took it upon himself to re-spot the ball after a play.

"He told the referees they didn't know what they were doing and just picked up the ball after a running play and moved it back. I've thought about that a lot since then, sometimes I wonder if I dreamed it. But I remember thinking, 'If the refs are intimidated by this guy, I'd better be.'"

In his fantasy of fantasies, Hill would like to become a general manager, to run his own NFL team. He has already made a pact with Brian Dowling, his old Yale quarterback, that if one or the other gets there first, he will bring the other along. Hill would probably be a good GM. He has played under Tom Landry, who reduces football to logic ("The Cowboys are as syllogistic as possible," says Hill), and also under Allen, who threw away the computer and dealt with men of character, often very old men of character but doddering steps who depended on the spirit to quickeneth. "When I hear that song, I think of Washington," he says. "A lot of it was Allen, sure, but a lot of it was also the kind of guys he got. They all had the willingness to pay the price."

Until a general manager's job comes along, Hill is considering a telecommunications career and resettling in the Sun Belt. Texas, perhaps? "Texans are very optimistic," he says. "I don't always agree with what they're optimistic about, but they're positive down there, and it's nice to be around positive people."

"I remember back when Herb Adderley came to the Cowboys from Green Bay. He was introduced to everyone in the dining room and someone said, 'Show us your Super Bowl rings.' He showed us one, then he paused and said real slow, 'And this is the one we got the same year we beat Dallas.' Everyone went quiet, then Adderley smiled. 'But don't worry, I'll help you guys get one of these, too.' I was blown away. It rubs off, that confidence."

The Cleveland Browns wouldn't mind that at all.



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A bland old game gets rough

Headhunters lurked as mixed doubles had its biggest payday in the Couples

It was amid tropical autumn splendor and under the aegis of social awareness and family entertainment that the grand old, bland old game of mixed doubles made a genteel return to the tennis tour last week. As luck would have it, nobody got killed.

This is not to say that feelings weren't hurt or dreams shattered or idols leveled

right there in the friendly confines between the Atlantic Ocean and the palm trees on Hilton Head Island, S.C. It's just that when somebody puts up enough booty, such as \$108,000 in prize money, and invites enough hardened doubles gunslingers, such as Stan Smith and Billie Jean King, to compete for it, there is going to be some of what you might call cultural violence. In these circumstances "the mixed," as the event was known long before the game was taken over by Italian haberdashers and Pat Summerall, graduates from a friendly exercise between cocktails into a jamboree of crazed headhunters.

Mixed doubles, as most club players and their main squeezes know it and play it, is mostly an endeavor in restraint. Push and lob, be nice, grin and bear it, patty-cake stuff. Transgressions on one side of the net or the other have been known to result in a quick trip to the marriage counselor, if not the hospital.

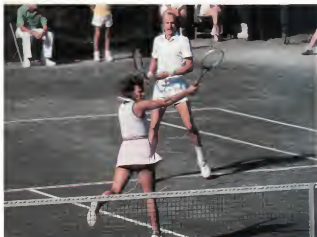
At the world-class level, however,

where the objective is to win and sexual politics be damned, the game boils down to ... uh, huh ... Get the Girl, Whip Up on the Woman, Maul the Maiden. Overhead smashes at her ankles. Searing volleys toward her, ahem, middle. Lobs, drops, angles. Make her run. Force her shots. Work her over. Male chauvinistic ecstasy. Oink, oink. "You aim for the weak link," King says, "and the woman is almost always that link."

Roy Emerson, the ancient Australian mariner, the charmer, old jaunty Emmo himself, calls mixed doubles "Beat the bird." On the other hand, the key shots in mixed are invariably WW's—women's winners—and the successful team is the one whose distaff member holds her own most consistently.

So it was last week for the first World Couples tournament at Hilton Head Island, with real live players on the scene. Smith and Evonne Cawley, the former Ms. Goolagong and current Wimbledon champion, both live on Hilton Head; they were the hometown No. 1 seed. King and Emerson were the nostalgia pairing, in Emmo's phrase, "the dead legends." Red-heads were represented by Kathy Jordan, who teamed up with another part-time Hilton Head resident. A lefthander. Funny hat, freckles, hook nose. Name of Rod Laver. Then there was the Bollettieri memorial tiny-tot brigade. 15-year-olds Jimmy Arias and Kathleen Horvath, both coached by the swarthy slave master, Nick Bollettieri; the Wimbledon finalists entry, John Austin and Dianne Fromholtz (Austin won the Wimbledon mixed with sister Tracy, defeating Fromholtz and partner Mark Edmondson); and the pickup tandem of Dick Stockton, a former U.S. Open mixed champion, and the wondrous Andrea Jaeger, another teen-ager of whom Stockton had heard but to whom he had never been introduced. "She's a millionaire already," he said. "What do I call her, Andrea or Ms. Jaeger?"

Another unique aspect of the tournament was a pair of wild-card berths, for winners of a qualifier open to anyone off the beach, uh, street. "Even you could make it," Pat Grafton, one of the tour-



Evonne Cawley's backhand reflex volleys helped make life easy for her co-winner, Stan Smith



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nament's organizers, said to an inquiring reporter. Not really. One of the wild-card teams, local teaching pros Doc Malloy and Jean Mills, piled up all of six points in the first set of their 6-0, 6-2 loss to Smith-Goolagong. "The sun was in my eyes," said Malloy.

The relaxed nature of World Couples was never so apparent as when the effervescent Jaeger, tennis' Rapunzel in designer braces, spent time answering the clubhouse phones when she wasn't buzzing the premises on her red motor scooter. "This is nothin'," she announced to a bemused Emerson one morning. "My Yamaha at home does 80. It's got four gears, too." In a practice session one day Emerson was stunned to observe Jaeger wearing full warmups in the 90° heat. "I was sweating like a pig," said Emmo. "I was hoping the girl would take something off so I'd know she had blood in her veins. Andrea hit the ball so hard I started calling her André."

Stockton and Jaeger made short work of Arias-Horvath, 6-1, 6-2. The slender Arias became the youngest male ever to win a match in the U.S. Open last month, and he already possesses a forehead that could bring down a stone wall. Yet Jaeger kept standing in and reflex-volleying some of his heavy artillery, once actually returning a shot from between her legs. "I'm there protecting my crotch and she's whaling away," Stockton said. "It's intimidating being on court with three kids who play so well so young. But Andrea outdid Arias from the backcourt all day. She's amazing. In two years it's all over for Tracy [Austin]."

Stockton saw enough of his infant partner in that match to notice she relished doing the one thing women must do to survive in mixed: play on the opposing man when necessary. "Traditionally, women have been afraid because they were supposed to be afraid," King said. "But Andrea is the new role model. She nails the ball right at the guys."

Which is precisely what she did in the semifinals against none other than Emerson. This appeared to be a replay of Holmes-Alli early on as Jaeger, showing little respect for her beer-guzzling elder, ruined drives at a beleaguered and out-of-shape Emerson, challenging his backhand volley, which once was the most feared in the game. On almost every exchange the pigtailed child beat the 43-year-old Aussie to the punch.

Emmo recovered late in the second

set to thrash a swinging volley directly into Stockton's neck—"a fuzz sandwich," the pros say—sending him down for the count. Up to that point Stockton, playing marvelously, had served five straight games at love, but in the next game he was broken at 30 for the set and the match was tied.

But Stockton recovered and Jaeger kept finding holes in the Emmo-King opposition defense. Serving at 5-2 in the third, Jaeger nearly added injury to insult by armfolding, special delivery, a backhand that whirled Emerson around at the net like some windup doll. Wind Emmo up and he'll drink a Foster's Lager. "She gives it a nudge, doesn't she?" he said after the younger team's 6-3, 4-6, 6-2 victory.

In the other half of the draw, the team of Smith-Goolagong was having things easier, while much of the attention was focused on Laver. The Rocket plays only occasionally these days, in some of the Immortals Invitationals or whatever they are. Never in mixed.

"Tell you what," Laver told his partner, Jordan. "The last mixed I won was 20 years ago: Wimbledon with Darlene Hard. You know the name? I always found myself backing up my partner too far, stretching for too much court, covering too often."

In Australia that kind of poaching is called "sharking." Goolagong had another description. "Getting in the way," she called it. "I don't think Rod yet realizes how well some of the women can play."

Before their first-round match Fromholtz mentioned to Austin that Laver also had a tendency to "flash-out," to over-hit in mixed. Subsequently, the red-heads found themselves constantly out of position even as Austin-Fromholtz blew six set points. But on the seventh, Laver, looking at a balloon two feet from the tape, wound up and flashed out an overhead into the bottom of the net. "Play the Aussie anthem, this one's history," Emerson muttered in the stands. And it was: 7-6, 6-1 to Austin-Fromholtz.

"I never told you this," the newlywed Austin said to his lefthanded partner, "but Edmondson blew the Wimbledon final for you guys by doing just what



Rod Laver was there, but it was Ms. Jaeger who hit rockets

Rocket did. Leaving the court three-fourths open."

"Men," Fromholtz sighed. "You didn't have to tell me."

Austin-Fromholtz jumped ahead of Smith-Goolagong in their semifinal before another significant play by a woman turned the match: a reflex half-volley winner from her shoe tops off an Austin smash that Evonne managed in the 10th game. It interrupted one of her walkabouts—after all, the drapes had to be hung in the new addition to her home up the beach, and husband Roger had scraped his knee on one of those ball-riding machines at a country and western speakeasy—and propelled her team to a 6-4, 6-2 victory.

Because of the reluctance of Smith, ever the gentleman, to pound at the feminine half of the opposition—"I tell Stan to get mean and blast the girls, but he just doesn't have it in him," says his wife, Margie—it remained for Goolagong to shine again in the finals.

On Sunday, Smith-Goolagong survived the loss of a 32-point game (Stockton finally holding serve), then broke Jaeger at love and won the first set 7-5. Goolagong's dashing elegance at net—"She poaches more than [Bob] Lutz on my serve," Smith said—was the difference in the second set as well, which ended 6-4, championship and \$30,000 to the home team. "All you can do is go watch Evonne play," Smith told the appreciative crowd afterward. "I'm the one who gets to play with her. She was all over the place out there."

Women. Even in mixed doubles, always sharking the spotlight.

After the Fall

A year ago Jack McKinney was the coach of the Lakers and Paul Westhead was his best friend. But a near-fatal bicycle crash changed all that. Now McKinney is starting a new life with a new team in Indiana

Richard O'Connor





CONTINUED

After the Fall continued

Last Friday night Jack McKinney, 45, officially began his comeback as a pro basketball coach, when the Indiana Pacers opened their 1980-81 schedule with a 110-91 victory over the New Jersey Nets. Eleven months ago, while riding his son's bicycle, McKinney was the victim of a freak accident that dramatically changed—and very nearly ended—his life. His ordeal was made even more trying by the events that followed—a tangle of broken promises, broken friendships and broken hearts. And now, with everyone in the NBA looking over his shoulder, he's trying to put his career and his life back together again.

The accident could not have occurred at a more inopportune moment for McKinney. After 22 years as a coach in high school and college and as a pro assistant, McKinney had, on July 30, 1979, reached the zenith of his profession. He had been hired as a head coach in the NBA. Not only that, but as the boss of the prestigious and glamorous Los Angeles Lakers he had easily the most coveted job in the league. McKinney was living a dream, making the big bucks and the even bigger contacts that could've been so lucrative in ensuing years. Before last season began, his life could not have been sweeter or more exhilarating.

There were more than personal reasons for McKinney's sense of satisfaction. First and foremost was the big guy, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who had helped McKinney land the L.A. job and who appeared to have recaptured his zest for the game. There was Magic Johnson, a flamboyant and loosey-goosy rookie whose infectious winning attitude is a rare commodity in the pros. And there were Jim Chones, whom McKinney had fought to acquire; Mike Cooper, who had impressed McKinney with his play in a summer league; and talented veterans, like playmaker Norm Nixon and high-scoring Forward Jamaal Wilkes. Not only was the talent there, but it seemed to mesh in just the right way, the "chem-

istry" was right. In last fall's exhibition games, McKinney's Lakers exhibited the discipline, the professionalism, the poise and the hustle so notably absent on Los Angeles teams of recent years. After the Lakers won nine of their first 13 regular-season games, observers concluded that McKinney had laid a solid foundation for bringing the NBA championship to Los Angeles and for bringing new distinction to his own career.

But then, on Nov. 8, the sweetness ended. Because it was a day off for the Lakers, Paul Westhead, McKinney's closest friend and handpicked assistant coach, called to see if McKinney wanted to play tennis. McKinney did. But since his wife, Claire, had the car, McKinney, who is 6' 2", 190 pounds, grabbed his son's bike and began pedaling through Palos Verdes to the courts at Westhead's condominium.

He proceeded down a steep hill, gradually gaining momentum. Approaching the intersection of Whitley Collins Drive and Stonecrest Road, he applied the brakes softly, just a tap to slow down. But for some reason the bike stopped abruptly, sending McKinney flying over the handlebars and crashing to the concrete, headfirst, face down, his body skidding along the street like a tossed stone along the surface of a pond. An ambulance attendant took one look at the bloodstained and unconscious man on the pavement and whispered to a companion, "No way. There's just no way this guy's going to make it."

McKinney was lifted into the ambulance, which had been called to the scene by a passing motorist, and rushed to Little Company of Mary Hospital. He was placed in intensive care and later diagnosed as suffering severe head injuries, a facial fracture and a fractured elbow.

McKinney's condition was so grave that, as his father, Paul, puts it, "Any moment could have been his last." Not only members of his family were allowed to visit; as far as the McKinneys were con-

cerned, that group included Westhead. Claire told doctors that the 41-year-old Westhead was "Jack's brother," and Westhead said at the time, "Claire isn't that far off. Jack has been like a brother to me."

After three weeks McKinney had improved enough to go home, but his mental faculties were diminished, his reflexes impaired, his balance unsteady. His recovery was slow and frustrating. At times the pain was severe. He underwent intense physical-therapy sessions. He also decided to sue the manufacturer of the bicycle for unspecified compensatory damages because McKinney contends that the bicycle was defective.

With McKinney gone, Westhead, who had never coached a pro team before that season, saw to it that the Lakers stuck to McKinney's system. By the end of January, McKinney felt ready to resume control, but he says that owner Jerry Buss



"thought it best that I wait. Buss had a plan worked out to resolve the delicate matter of who would be coach, and I thought it a good and fair one." McKinney began scouting for the Lakers. Westhead, when questioned by reporters, would reply, "I'm only watching the plants while the real owner is on vacation." He watched them well: L.A. went on to win the NBA championship.

McKinney may have been discouraged by not coaching, but at least Buss had eased his fears about his job being in jeopardy. Or so he thought. But there was strong feeling that McKinney's dismissal was only a matter of time. As the season wore down, the Lakers appeared to be phasing him out. It seems likely

Since losing the job in L.A., McKinney has had nothing to do with Buss (right), the owner who fired him, or Westhead (below, right), the assistant coach who succeeded him.



that Westhead knew, or at least strongly suspected, that he had the job.

Finally, on May 13, McKinney was fired, in a manner so mystifying, so unsettling and so unexpected that what happened doesn't bother him nearly as much as the way it happened. "To say Jack was totally devastated by the news is a gross understatement," says a friend.

After his dismissal, McKinney secluded himself in his home. He did not attend NBA functions. He failed to show up at his summer camp. There was even one report that he had left the country. It was said that McKinney was enraged at Buss and disappointed in Westhead; that he was plagued by depression; that he had visited a psychiatrist; that he still had momentary lapses in memory; that his speech was impaired. People wondered if McKinney would ever coach again and, if he did, whether he could handle the rigors of the NBA. The ugly implication was that under pressure he would not remember whether to call for a zone press or a tennis press.

continued



A physical-fitness enthusiast, McKinney helped himself recover by jumping rope

Then, on June 2, Indiana owner Sam Nuss, Buss' friend and business partner, announced that he was hiring McKinney to replace Bob Leonard as coach of the Pacers. Stories circulated that Buss had influenced Nuss's decision, but at a press conference they were emphatically denied. After the announcement, McKinney returned to Sea Isle City, a coastal resort town in southern New Jersey about 20 miles south of Atlantic City. It is a quiet town of summer residents, white-shingled bungalows, a single commercial thoroughfare, an expansive beach and a narrow boardwalk. It is also the town where McKinney's parents, Paul and Jane, live and where McKinney was renting a summer beach house.

The elder McKinneys' home is small and neat. On one knotty-pine wall is a display of the medals, badges and cita-

tions Paul received during his career as captain of detectives in Chester, Pa. and later as the sheriff of Delaware County. Paul points to a framed letter and says, "This one's from Richard Nixon. I once served as a bodyguard for him." He goes on to explain the origins of some of the other memorabilia until Jane interrupts him. "Want to see my accomplishments?" she asks softly. She points to a framed photograph of a boy and a girl, their smiling faces close together. "That's Jack and his sister, Joan," she says.

In another photograph, sitting on an end table, an older Jack McKinney is shown standing behind a podium at The Forum. He is beaming. To his right is the Lakers' announcer, Chick Heurn. Paul sits down, nods toward the picture and says, "That was the day Jack signed with the Lakers. I flew out for that. I remember Jack was so happy, so confident. He said to me, 'Dad, do you believe this is happening?' And there were all these reporters asking me questions about Jack's life."

On that day Paul told the reporters about the good times when his son was growing up in Chester, Pa. He mentioned that Jack had attended St. James High, where he'd been better at high jumping than jumping for rebounds. He also told them that Jack had gone to St. Joseph's College in Philadelphia and was an average basketball player for Coach Jack Ramsay, and that upon graduation he became an assistant basketball coach at St. James. Later, Jack McKinney became the head coach, and then in 1960 Ramsay asked him to coach the St. Joe freshmen. After five years McKinney was hired as the coach at Philadelphia Temple; he directed the Rams to a berth in the NCAA college division regionals in his one season at Temple and returned to St. Joseph's—this time as the head man.

Now, sitting in their living room, Paul and Jane discuss whether their son is the same man he was when that photograph was taken in The Forum. "I think so," Paul says. "I think he's 99% back to what he was. He still has difficulty sometimes remembering names and places, but otherwise there's no evidence that he even had the accident."

Jane is sitting nearby, folding a napkin slowly, delicately, into tiny squares. Her hands shake slightly. "I don't know," she says. "I think Jack's changed a lot. I don't think he's as outgoing as he used

to be. I think he's much more quiet now."

"Well, Jen," says Paul, almost angrily, "he's still smarting from the kick he got in L.A. So of course he's quiet. Plus, he's getting older. That might have something to do with him being quiet. I remember a few weeks after Jack got to Sea Isle, he was sitting off on his own, and I said, 'Jack, are you still hurt over what happened?' He turned and looked at me and said, 'Yes.' This guy Buss didn't even have the decency to tell Jack to his face that he was fired."

"That was Jack's team that won the championship. It was made up of the players he'd gathered, and it used the offense he'd put in. Even Westhead knew it. All season long he kept saying things like, 'I'm only in the passenger's seat.'" Paul McKinney pauses, swats at the air and repeats, "Only in the passenger's seat. Huh?"

"I have no use for Buss after what he did to Jack. But Paul! Jack took Paul along everywhere he went. He hired Paul at St. Joe's. When Jack got the Laker job, the first guy he called was Paul. Then Paul is offered Jack's job, and he grabs it—without a word to Jack. Nothing."

"And they had been friends for so long," interjects Jane. "Always together. Always double-dating."

"Yeah, it's a shame what happened," Paul McKinney says. "To think of all the hurt"—he stares at the picture of Jack smiling at The Forum—"since that day."

Both McKinneys fall silent. A great melancholy appears to overtake them. They have been profoundly touched by the misfortunes of their son, but there is nothing, absolutely nothing, they can do to alleviate his pain.

Paul rises to his feet, gazes out his front window and says, "And you should have seen his home in Palis Verdes. It was beautiful, absolutely beautiful. It had a paddle-tennis court, Jacuzzi, swimming pool, shuffleboard, fruit trees." He grins. "He had everything a man could want out of life."

A few hours later Jack enters his parents' house. He is a lean, good-looking man with a high forehead, crooked smile, thinning brown hair and a distinctive Philadelphia accent ("an-te-tude" instead of an-tude). Despite all that has happened to him, his manner remains naturally gracious.

"Jack is one of the finest men I've ever known," says Billy DeAngelis, who

continued

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After the Fall continued

played for McKinney at St. Joe's. "I think his best qualities were sensitivity and fairness. He always cared about you."

It was this sensitivity that impressed Abdul-Jabbar when McKinney was an assistant to Larry Costello in Milwaukee. Five years later, when Buss mentioned that McKinney was available to fill the Lakers coaching vacancy, Abdul-Jabbar's immediate response was, "Get him."

McKinney returns to the living room and hands his guest a beer. He then tells his 19-year-old daughter Ann that when he'd been the coach at St. Joe's, his visitor had played against his team.

"What college did you play for?" she asks.

"Fairfield."

McKinney perks up perceptibly. "That was a great game," he says. "If you remember, it was the televised game of the week. It was at Fairfield. You guys had a good first-breaking team, although not much height. And, if you remember, we were down at halftime, but we came back in the second half, mixing up our defenses, zones to switching man-to-man, and we stopped you cold. And on offense, if you recall, Jimmy O'Brien kept coming up to the top of the key and hitting those jump shots down the stretch. God, was he happy when we won! He

was hugging me like mad when the game ended."

This remarkable feat of memory—with every detail correct—is in marked contrast to an incident that took place earlier in the evening at a Sea Isle restaurant. McKinney was sitting at a table, engrossed in a conversation about basketball, when suddenly his eyebrows knotted together. He looked puzzled, confused. He began moving his hands quickly up and down his chest and thighs, tapping his body as if he were frisking himself. Then, he stood and said, "I must have left my glasses at the bar."

The fact that McKinney had not brought his glasses to the restaurant raises some questions. Is he not fully recovered from his head injuries? Is he just absentminded? Or was this just a meaningless, isolated incident of forgetfulness?

After returning to the table—without his glasses—McKinney explained, "It happens that I sometimes forget things, or I have a little trouble with names, but otherwise I'm fine. And my doctor can certify that."

That evening, on his way home, McKinney is riding in a car when someone makes a kidding reference to his problems with bicycles. The grin on his face fades slowly, almost sadly. He exhales

and says, "It's hard to believe, isn't it, how a silly thing like a bike could wreak such havoc on a man's life."

The car passes through the quiet streets of Sea Isle City. McKinney gazes out the window, his reflection captured in the glass. "It has been good for the family to be here," he says. "I just wanted out of L.A. I told my wife that everything there had had memories. I said, 'Let's get away, let's go to Jersey and see the family.' And it has been good for us, all of us."

Later, walking upstairs to the second-floor quarters where he is staying with Claire and three of his kids, McKinney stops and says, "You know, life always goes on. I'm glad I have my life. And my family. Often when I was down, that was the only thought that cheered me up. It made basketball seem so irrelevant."

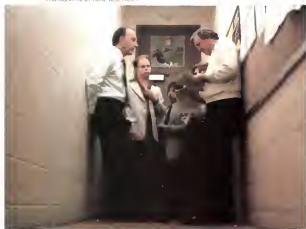
At 11:30 that night McKinney and Ann prepare for a late run by sitting Indian-style on the floor of their summer rental, bending, twisting, stretching their bodies. On a nearby table is a small blue card that reads: SUCCESS IS TO BE MEASURED NOT SO MUCH BY THE POSITION THAT ONE HAS REACHED IN LIFE AS BY THE OBSTACLES WHICH HE HAS TO OVERCOME WHILE TRYING TO SUCCEED. "Ann puts these around as inspiration to the whole family," says McKinney.

Soon, they bound down the stairs of the apartment and out into the balmy night air. "I've only recently started to work out again," says McKinney, painting lightly. "Before the accident I jumped rope 300 times a day, swam a lot, ran and ate only fish on the road. I felt I was in great shape. Then, of course, after the accident I stopped doing anything for a while. Because of the accident my whole right side was anemic, weak. I said to the doctors, 'You guys have got to give me something to do, something to build myself up.' They didn't prescribe a thing. So I started jumping rope. First 25, then 30, then finally 300. And now I'm running again. But not hard. Usually a mile or so every day. And recently I got a huge pin taken out of my elbow, and so I hope I can maybe try a little tennis."

At exactly the mile mark, McKinney drops out, leaving Ann and her companion to continue along a narrow two-lane highway. Without her father, Ann quickens her pace, causing her blonde ponytail to bob up and down. "It's good that Dad's running again," she says. "For a

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENZ KUEHNER



The press in every NBA city will be questioning McKinney about his condition

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After the Fall continued



When all else looked bleak, McKinney had the support of his wife, Claire, and his parents, Paul and Jane. Here, Paul holds the picture taken when Jack was hired in L.A.



while there he was lazy, very self-centered. I don't mean egotistical, I mean he was very concerned about himself and his job. My sister and I were burning inside because he was never like that before, and we wanted him to snap out of it. You know, I felt so much for what he was going through. The pain. The frustration. The humiliation. The questions. God, all those questions." Her eyes widened to emphasize the point. "Even for me the questions never stopped. 'How's your dad? How's his head? How's he feeling?' It was hard to answer them.

"I think now I can say he's improved a lot. At first, when he came home, his mind wandered, but that's because more than anything his mind was always on other things. He was so preoccupied last year with going back to coaching the Lakers. My mom and I didn't think he'd get the job back, but he thought he would. He really had high hopes. Then, when he didn't get it, he was so depressed. Mostly, he'd sit around the house and sleep. Mom told us that we had to understand when a person has brain damage it takes a while before he overcomes

depression. But do you know why I admire my dad most? It's because he refuses, despite all that's happened, to knock Mr. Buss or Mr. Westhead. He's keeping it all bottled up inside."

The following afternoon, McKinney, wearing a red bathing suit, is sprawled out on a chaise longue, a few feet from the glistening Sea Isle City beach. He places his hand on his forehead and gazes out over the strand. "To be honest," he says, "I was not as excited as I expected I'd be about getting back to coaching. But slowly the excitement is building up again. And for me personally, I have to be excited if I'm to attain that level of intensity needed on the pro level. Plus, I think the attitude of players seems so much from what they perceive my attitude to be. So I have

to be up. But I think Sam Nassi has faith in my abilities, or why else would he have hired me?"

The question of why Nassi hired McKinney has been the subject of considerable speculation among pro basketball people. Obviously, some think it more than a coincidence that McKinney was brought in by Nassi, Buss' partner in the company that leases Market Square Arena, where the Pacers play. Was this Buss' way of throwing McKinney a bone? "I asked Sam if there was any connection between his hiring me and Buss, and he said no, and I believe him," McKinney says. "Also, I told Sam that I wanted nothing to do with Buss whatsoever."

And there are those who feel that McKinney still may not be up to coaching. But Nassi says, "I don't feel I'm taking a chance with Jack because I feel it was Jack who orchestrated the Lakers' championship. L.A. in the past always had the talent, but it lacked a coach who could blend it together. Jack did that, and he got Kareem playing again. He's a tremendously talented individual."

But is he healthy enough? "Of course he is," says Nassi. "Before we signed Jack to his contract, he agreed to undergo a series of thorough examinations by a team of neurologists, and he passed them with flying colors. As far as I'm concerned, Jack's as healthy as any other coach in the league."

Nassi pauses a second and continues, "You want to know what kind of individual Jack is? Well, a few weeks after L.A. dismissed him, I called him to see if he'd be interested in the Pacer job, and he said he couldn't discuss it because I had a coach. Now, remember, at the time Jack was without a job, and there was a good possibility I might have moved on to somebody else. That should show you what a gentleman he is."

When reminded of the incident McKinney says, "I felt for Slick," meaning Slick Leonard. "I know what it's like to think your job might be on the line and not hear a word from anyone. That uncertainty can play cruel games on your mind. So I wanted no part of it, even though at the time I was very, very interested in the job."

On almost any subject—sports, movies, restaurants—McKinney will talk at great length. But on the subject of his firing, he chose for a long time to say almost nothing. He didn't want to sound

continued



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After the Fall continued

bitter, to toss verbal grenades. Whenever the conversation edged near the topic of Buss or Westhead, one could almost hear McKinney's inner alarm go off. "Even though I often think about how things could've been," he says, "I want the whole thing to become history."

But now, relaxing on the beach, he begins to unravel the entire episode: "When I got the L.A. job I felt so great. I thought, wow, this is the best team in the country. The most prestigious. Finally I had a chance to show my abilities on the highest level. I was secure with a two-year contract. We looked for a house and they were so expensive. But heck, this was the first time in my life I was making big bucks, so we said, 'Go for it,' and we stretched ourselves to buy this big, elaborate home." He pauses, smirks. "Boy, did I expect a rocky future. Now look."

With his index finger he pushes up his glasses and pinches his nose as if he's trying to relieve a headache. "You know, I never really aspired to coach in the NBA. I always thought coaching in college was the pinnacle. I was so happy at St. Joe's. I had a nice small house. Claire and the kids loved it there. And I had other offers, but I always rejected them. Then a goofy thing happened."

The goofy thing was the school's decision to fire him in 1974 just after he had been named the Eastern College Coach of the Year. The firing set off a rash of protests among the students who felt that McKinney had been treated unfairly. After all, he had been at St. Joe's for eight years and had run up a 144-77 record that included four NCAA appearances and one in the NIT. McKinney said nothing to defend himself, didn't express any anger. Even now, on this New Jersey beach, all he says is, "It was never explained to me then why I was fired, and I still don't know why I was fired. It was some kind of political thing." (Some observers in Philadelphia attribute the dismissal to a personality clash between McKinney and the school's athletic director, Rev. Michael Blee.)

"When you think about it, I've been lucky," McKinney continues. "The summer I got fired, Hubie Brown was leaving the Bucks to begin his career as a head coach. I happened to speak to him, and he asked if I'd be interested in his job. I said sure. So he recommended me to Larry Costello, and I was hired. Then two years later I was fortunate enough

to be reunited with Jack Ramsay at Portland. It was great being part of the team that won the championship. Then, last summer, I was again lucky"—he stops in mid-sentence, perhaps pondering the irony in his choice of words—"to get the L.A. job." He repeats, "Lucky to get the L.A. job. That's a laugh."

"Anyway, as for the accident, I have no idea how it happened. I don't really remember being in the hospital. They tell me—and I don't remember this either—how Claire would stand over me and pound on my chest to keep me awake. When you have a head injury, the doctors are afraid that if you sleep too much you could slip into a coma, and that could mean the end."

Just then, McKinney is joined by his younger son, Dennis, 15, a thin, rangy youth with blond hair and a deep tan. (His older son, John, 17, whose bike it was, is at his summer job in Sea Isle City and his older daughter, Susan, 21, is away at college.) Dennis unfolds a chair and sets it up next to his father's. "I'm talking about being in the hospital," McKinney tells Dennis. "I really was so out of it, Dennis could probably tell you a lot more than I can."

Dennis laughs. "You mean you want me to tell the silly things you did?"

"Sure, go ahead."

"Well, remember when the doctors would ask you what your wife's name is and you kept saying 'Bango'?"

"Yeah, right, right," says McKinney. "I heard about that. There was this other time they tell me about, when I decided to get up out of bed and go to the bathroom. On the way I lost my balance and started to fall. And now here comes Claire to help me, and I shout at her, 'Get the blank out of here.' He laughs. "I said that to Claire, the woman who was keeping me alive!"

These stories seem to be the family's way of dealing with what was certainly the most frightening period of their lives.

"Shortly after that I went home, and by around New Year's I started taking rides and going out in public," McKinney says. "Also, I started running, jumping and working out some on the Nautilus machine. Then around mid-January I started scouting for the Lakers. By late January I felt I was ready to resume coaching, but Buss suggested we wait. And I agreed. But the idea was that I'd

come back sometime during the season.

"Then, in mid-February the team is playing so well under Paul, making a real surge toward the playoffs. So I meet with Buss, and we decide it wouldn't be a good time to make a change. Personally, I felt it would be unfair to both Paul and the players. So the plan was that I would continue scouting, and after the season Paul and I would go away and resolve the situation. Granted, it would have been a ticklish thing, but at least we could have thrashed it out."

"I could feel that my help was not really being appreciated, but I continued to scout. Then comes the final series with Philly. After watching Games 3 and 4 in Philadelphia, I meet my wife in Portland, where she has been visiting. While driving down to Los Angeles, we stop on the road to call home. John answers and says, 'Dad, have you heard the news?' I say, 'What news?' and he says, 'Dad, you've been fired!' McKinney looks straight ahead, his outward calm covering the rage welling inside. "So I'm out. Just like that. And a few days later Paul gets hired for \$1.1 million over four years." His voice trails off. "Terrific, huh?"

Buss's version of the firing is a little different, of course. "I didn't choose the timing," he says. "I'd called Jack and told him I wanted to meet with him privately when he got back from Philadelphia. I guess some reporters must have asked him why, and he said, 'I think I'm getting fired.' Next thing you know, I'm deluged with calls: 'Is Jack McKinney getting fired? Is Jack McKinney really getting fired?' Now what could I say? Say no, and then 10 days later maybe fire Jack? I would have lost all credibility."

Buss contends that his choice of Westhead over McKinney was "honestly a hard decision. If I'd chosen Jack, people would be asking why I didn't hire Paul, especially since he won the championship. Let me just say I was very impressed with Paul's style and his coaching ability on the floor."

Reasonable, of course, but then why did he make the comment at the time of the firing about preferring Westhead to McKinney because "Paul was a man you could have fun with?"

Buss seems miffed. "Jack had just come off a very serious accident," he says. "And if I'd given any other explanation, anything that might in the least have made it seem as if I was choosing Paul

continued

over Jack because one was a more competent coach than the other, it might have made other owners think that something was still wrong with Jack, that he was incapable of coaching. So I tried to avoid saying anything at all about competency. And this fun stuff seemed to work best. But I thought then, and I think now, that Jack is capable of coaching in the NBA."

After the firing, McKinney behaved as if in a daze. He stopped working out. He sat in his house, not talking, feeling despondent, humiliated and hurt. "Wouldn't you be despondent?" says one NBA assistant. "After all, your owner lies to you, and your best friend pulls a Judas. The whole thing sickened me."

"After I got axed, I simply wanted to quit life," McKinney says. "I plunged into a deep depression, and I didn't know what to do or where to turn. I was really confused. Claire and the kids were so great during that period, so understanding, but I just couldn't come out of it. I was just so stunned."

Finally, McKinney sought the advice of a psychiatrist. "Yeah, I guess he helped," says McKinney. "He encouraged me not to give up. He said I was too young to abandon my career. He convinced me I still had a lot to offer."

Mckinney was bothered most—and is bothered still—by the fact that he was fired before the promised meeting with Buss and Westhead took place. He understands that it probably wouldn't have altered anything. But it does appear that Buss could have handled the situation with greater tact and consideration by evading the reporters' questions on McKinney's status until after the playoffs. Then McKinney could have found out firsthand about the firing, and not after a million other people. It would have lessened the hurt, preserved his dignity, and maybe, just maybe, allowed his relationship with Westhead to continue. The two men have rarely spoken since.

For his part, Westhead says, "I didn't know the firing was to take place, and when I found out, there was nothing I could do." Regarding his relationship with McKinney, Westhead says, "It may take time to patch things up." But if the future is uncertain, there is no question about the past. "I guess you could say that without Jack I wouldn't have had many jobs in my career."

What also galls McKinney is Buss' words to him the day after the firing, when McKinney demanded a face-to-face confrontation. "Jack, don't go to the papers with this," Buss said. "In three days the whole thing will blow over."

McKinney says he stood frozen with anger. "Maybe for you, Jerry," he replied, "but it will affect my whole life."

And now he says, "And it has, too, especially my outlook. I was once a very naive man. In the past I always believed everyone. Now, reluctantly, I am more careful around people. I'm also less outgoing. I've become more introverted. And I don't get as excited as I used to about things. Most of all, I'm cautious, very cautious in dealing with people. For the first time in my career I've hired an agent, Howard Slusher."

A week after the conversation on the beach, McKinney is driving with Pacer P.R. man, Ed McKee, to a speaking engagement in Anderson, Ind. He places one arm over the front seat of the car and starts talking about his prospects for the season. "I'd like to run the same kind of offense we had in Portland," he says. "And my aim is that we play .500 ball and make the playoffs." That's a lofty goal, considering that the Pacers have had a losing record all four seasons that they've been in the NBA.

After about an hour the car pulls into the parking lot of a Holiday Inn. Moments later McKinney is striding through the lobby and into a small banquet room, unnoticed and unrecognized. Finally, the program chairman of the Anderson Noon Exchange Club greets him and directs him to a long buffet table laden with salads, fruit, chicken and beef stew. McKinney passes through the line without saying a word and without taking much food. He settles into a seat on the dais, and picks at a piece of chicken with his fork. He doesn't talk to any of the other people at the head table. He seems distracted, bored, out of his element. At last he's introduced to the audience of about 50. The applause is short but gracious.

"It's nice to be here," he begins. He pauses, chuckles to himself. "Then again, after coming from L.A., it's nice to be anywhere." He points randomly to his right. "Seriously, though, it's nice to be here. Why, I haven't seen old Buck Rice over there in 10 years—but I certainly remember the suit." A few more jokes follow, but it's obvious that he isn't com-

fortable. McKinney's business is coaching, not talking.

After giving a short rundown on the Pacers' prospects, he opens the floor to questions, and one man asks, "Why did you take the Pacer job?"

McKinney stares at him and says, "I took it because Sam Nassi made me a very attractive offer. At the time I was being interviewed by other teams—Dallas, Detroit and San Diego—but I felt Indiana had the most to offer. It's not Los Angeles, but I thought it was a place my family and I could enjoy."

After the lunch, it becomes apparent that to many people in the audience, what McKinney had to say is not as important as the way he said it. ("Is that how he has always spoken?" people often whisper behind McKinney's back.) The fact is that if you didn't know McKinney had suffered a brain injury, you probably wouldn't give his intonation the slightest thought. But because he had the accident and because he speaks in such a slow, deliberate manner, people are skeptical.

Ron Righter, a player under McKinney at St. Joseph's and now the coach at Wilkes College in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., says, "Jack always spoke that way. I think it was the key to his success. He made things clear, understandable, simplified them for guys who were thick."

Claire McKinney reaffirms this. "Jack has always been a slow talker," she says. "That's because he thinks before he has something to say." Adds McKinney, "This is how I always spoke. What's the big deal?"

On the way out of the luncheon, McKinney's companion asks if he's surprised no one quizzed him on his health. His eyebrows jerk upward. "Frankly, yes," he says. "This might be the first time that it hasn't come up. In fact, a few weeks ago a doctor stood up and challenged me. He said, 'How do you know you're not going to have a relapse on the court?' I replied, 'Because, sir, my doctors tell me I won't and I believe them.'"

Despite such waspish replies, McKinney says he isn't bothered that people question his health. "In a way I'm glad they do," he says. "It's something that happened, and it must be fixed up to. I underwent a physical examination, and I have a clean bill of health. I know a lot of people will not understand what happened to me. They'll think I'm nuts or

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After the Fall continued

something. But that's fair. All I know is I feel good. I feel I'm back to 99% of what I was." He smiles boyishly. "Hey, if I got back to 100%, maybe I'd be too perfect."

He laughs, ducks into the car and heads back to Indianapolis, where in a few hours he will be meeting his wife for dinner.

Claire McKinney is an attractive woman, cordial, quick to laugh. While reading the overwritten menu, she turns to Jack and says, "How about the Colorado mountain trout with the California grapes?"

McKinney scrunches up his nose. "No way," he says.

"Why? You like trout?"

"I do," says McKinney. "only the grapes are from California."

Claire whacks his shoulder. "Oh, you," she says.

After the orders are taken, Claire talks about how her husband's ordeal changed his life:

"I'd say that after a traumatic experience, especially a life-and-death situation, your life changes in a way that's hard to explain. In some respects I guess we feel we've joined the human race again. I mean, before Jack's accident we were living dream lives. When other people had accidents or tragedies I could sympathize, but I didn't completely understand. Now I understand. I'm grateful for what we have." She looks at McKinney. "I'm most grateful because—let's face it—I have Jack."

Claire says all this in a voice that is soft and reassuring, a voice devoid of despair or regret or melodrama. "Believe me," she says, "we have a good family, and we'll do well wherever we go. We'll make the most of it in Indianapolis."

Claire says she and Jack have been going together since high school ("C'mon, Claire," McKinney pipes up, "you were chasing me in grade school"). They have been married for 22 years. They still own a home in Portland, from the Trail Blazer days, and this very day sold their house in Palos Verdes.

If the relationship between Jack McKinney and Paul Westhead was unusually close, the one between their wives was even closer. In the restaurant, Claire is shown a newspaper clipping from the *Los Angeles Times* dated May 11, 1980. In it Cassie Westhead, Paul's wife, is quoted as saying, "I'm not a naive per-

son, but I know our friendship goes way back, and when this is said and done, I think we'll be able to pick up the pieces. But they can't share our joy or successes, and we can't share their sorrow. How many times can you say you're sorry? It happened."

Claire glances up from the newspaper. A look of hurt crosses her face as she says, "You're asking me if I think we'll ever patch things up with the Westheads? I don't know. Cassie and I were very, very close, like sisters. Then this awful, unfortunate thing occurred." She pauses. The corners of her lips curl downward slightly, her eyes mist over. She continues, "It's like losing someone who's very dear to you. But that period of mourning is over." She stops abruptly, as if one more word will bring tears.

After an awkward silence the conversation shifts to the upcoming season. Claire hopes—and her look now is imploring—that "people will stop evaluating Jack, that stories like this one will be unnecessary, that people will allow Jack to do what he does best, coach, because he's a good one."

It won't be that easy. Early in the season McKinney will undergo intense scrutiny. If the Pacers start poorly, one coach predicts, some reporters will denounce him as "a semi-incoherent fruitcake who should be fired."

What McKinney needs most is time—the time to implement his system, to see whether or not it works. This does not mean that McKinney should be awarded excessive sympathy or treated with kid gloves or even given unwarranted benefit of the doubt. It just means that his performance should be judged as that of any other coach would be.

"To be in this business you've got to have a lot of self-confidence or else you can't hack it," says McKinney. "I don't think I'm going to have to go out and prove myself because I've already done that. I'm not concerned about the pressure. Oh, sure, I'll get tired faster, but that's to be expected from anyone who's been in an accident. No matter what happens, I can't expend energy worrying about what people think. I have to face things head-on. I agree I'll need the time, and my steps now are only forward."

Let the final word be Claire's. "If we could get through last year," she says, "we're ready for anything. Nothing can destroy us."

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Reminiscence

by DAN LEVIN

SOME NON-MOUNTAINOUS MOUNTAINS WERE PEAKS OF THE AUTHOR'S YOUTH

So much is gone from the Boston we knew then: the Braves, the Victory Gardens of World War II, and, most notably, that wild city block we called The Mountains. Only the gnarled old oak at its edge remains, only that and seemingly smaller now, but, then, I am larger. The oak stands beside an aqua-colored motel, which sprawls where The

Once I pulled a long foul. After that each time I came to bat the other kids would say, "Boy, if he ever connects. . . ." I hardly ever did, though, and I kept falling down, content with my reputation as the biggest threat on the block. Hitting was my obsession, but that was all I knew of baseball.

What I really loved was to be on The Mountains, a tiny urban oasis of hills and dales and secret groves. That was where we had our rock fights, raining jagged, egg-sized chunks of granite from a cliff onto the kids from another neighborhood. Finally one 6- or 7-year-old too many ran screaming down the hill, blood pouring from his head, and the rock fights ended abruptly. They had lasted only a year or two, and I've never understood what provoked them. But as with so many other things in

right arm a driving piston. But I never hit anyone very hard, and a younger, smaller kid named Denny Miller always beat the hell out of me.

To the left of the clearing was a terrific cliff made of pudding stone. I now realize it was, at best, nine feet high. Beneath the cliff was a large hollow or bowl, and on its far side, partially buried, were the remains of an old brick wall that we dug away at over the years. I told myself I might become an archaeologist when I grew up, but I never bothered to learn the age of the wall or its origin. Now no one ever will.

The Mountains was the place to which we escaped. It was a time for that. I was three when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, and I recall my mother switching off the lights at night as neighborhood men in air-raid-warden helmets stood on the sidewalks, gazing at the sky. When you are four or five years old, seeing something like that colors your whole life. At school, while the girls sketched hairdos, the boys drew pursuit planes, diving, climbing, shooting and crashing. The fighters were what we saw when we looked at the sky. To get closer to the real thing we stood on the cliff, and for half a decade every plane that flew over our neighborhood was "in trouble."

"Look, the wing's falling off."

"The engine's on fire."

"He'll never make it to the airport."

All the boys on our street made model airplanes, intricate webs of balsa-wood sticks covered with tissue paper, stretched skintight. Most of us took weeks to finish a plane, but an older boy named Herbie could put one together in a day or two. He was our idol. When he had completed a model and brought it outside, a crowd was always waiting, and the same thing always happened. He'd lend us to the cliff, wind up the model's rubber band and, as he launched the plane into the air, set it on fire. It would float out over the hollow and disintegrate in flames, just the way all the other aircraft that flew over our neighborhood did.

That was the beginning of the Herbie legend. He went on to pitch for Brighton High, to play semipro ball and to sign a contract with our Braves. For years we watched the sports pages for his name to turn up with the big club, but it never did. Even now when two old friends from the neighborhood meet, they invariably discuss Herbie and ask each other why

continued



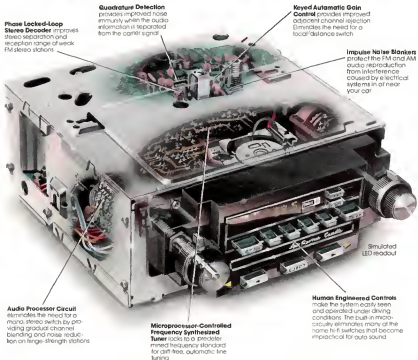
Mountains—and, in a sense, the Boston I used to know—were. Once there was Scofield Square, that sailors' delight. Now something called Government Center sits in its place, and you can't even get a decent tattoo anymore.

Boston was a two-team baseball city in the mid-'40s. The Braves were years away from Milwaukee, and each kid in my crowd thought he was Spahn or Williams or, in my case, Red Sox Shortstop Vernon Stephens. My batting stance was very wide, almost like Junior Stephens', everyone said. So I kept making it wider until I could hardly stand up even while waiting for a pitch. And I would fall down with every wild swing.

those first 12 years of my life—the games, the madness and the growing up that came so suddenly—the rock fights are impressed forever in my mind, like a prom flower in a scrapbook.

My family lived on the second floor of a brick apartment house at the top of a hill, with a porch overlooking The Mountains. The oak tree was just below, and behind it a circle of bushes and small trees surrounding a clearing—our boxing ring. Six or eight of us used it one spring. I wasn't the tallest or the strongest or the heaviest, but, as in baseball, I was considered a threat. My opponents were always warned, "Watch out for his uppercut." I liked that, and out I would charge, my

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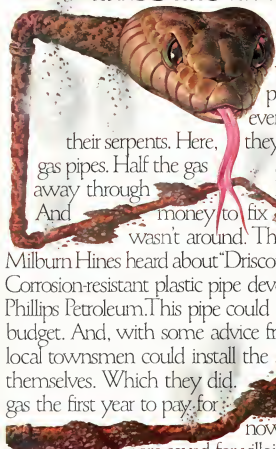
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it was that he never made the Braves.

Beyond the cliff where Herbie flew his planes were groves that could not be seen from any apartment or street. It was there, for one spring only, that my younger brother Steve and I had our cookouts. We built small fires and in the coals buried potatoes that we had spirited from our kitchen. They were awful, hard and flecked with ashes, but we loved them. We kept swiping spuds and cooking in the coals all that spring, and no one ever knew.

In front of each apartment house in my neighborhood was a flight of stairs. They were essential to a game we played a lot in the late '40s and early '50s called Cards. We would slide our baseball, football and war cards toward the bottom stair, trying for a leamer, a winner. All the cards came in bubble-gum packs, and some of the war ones featured pictures of American soldiers, tanks and planes bombing and massacring Oriental armies. That series of cards was called The Red Menace, which at first I imagined was some kind of creeping, jellylike scarlet protoplasm that could ooze over oceans and continents and, judging from the cards, would soon be lapping at our Mountains.

We also used the apartment stairs for Up Against, a ball game. One player would throw a pink rubber ball called a high bouncer at the stairs, with one, two or three fielders spread out from the sidewalk to the other side of the street. Everyone threw the ball very hard, aiming for the front edge of a step. If the throw was on target, the result was a lovely hollow thump and a long line-drive hit. Most balls, however, were grounders, which might have developed a lot of good baseball infielders had those future Gold Glovers not ruined their arms throwing the light ball so hard against the stairs.

For a while in the late '40s we were also into roller skating—clamp-on skates, 30 years away from roller disco rinks. We'd leap off and onto the curb as we rolled, screaming down the hill so the yard of the Harnet A. Baldwin School. The yard had a smooth tar surface that rose and dipped in places, and gliding over it created a vibrating sensation that shot through the skates, into our feet and up our legs. This was more fun than hitting the edge of a step, but for

us roller skating was just a passing fancy. Beanshooters came in for a season, and the shelves of local markets were emptied of beans, until the Baldwin School banned beanshooting. They, too, were soon forgotten, to be followed by yo-yos. The world yo-yo champion came to The Mountains to demonstrate his tricks and to hold contests at a store selling the wares of the company he represented. The winner of a contest would get a yo-yo with glass chips set in its side, a diamond yo-yo, and if one bought a yo-yo, diamonds or not, the world champion would carve a palm tree and one's name in its side. He returned many times that year and the next, but yo-yos must have been popular on many worlds because the same world champion never came twice.

As we were growing weary of yo-yos, some fundamental changes were taking place in our lives. Our street and sidewalk games were ending, and even The Mountains seemed less wonderful. Our rock fights had long been forgotten, and the kid who owned the boxing gloves moved. We now were old enough to leave the neighborhood, and a few miles away was a playground with baseball diamonds and tennis courts that were flooded in the winter for ice skating. We went there after school to play hockey, but soon I was skating on a court that was closed to hockey. I was 12 that winter, and there were girls on that court.

Everything seemed to be changing at once for me. My parents had begun to look for a home in a town with a better school system than Boston's, but I didn't want to move. No 12-year-old ever does. We moved anyway, in early spring, four miles west to Newton Centre. That May I turned 13. One evening I was riding my bicycle through my new neighborhood and stopped on a street where a stickball game was under way. There seemed to be some good hitters playing. A young girl in white shorts was watching from the curb. She had large, dark eyes, and a voice that I later would liken to the tinkling of wind chimes. I watched her silently. In the days that followed I realized I would have to make some accommodation with what I was feeling. I would have to start doing things differently. So I began combing my hair very carefully. And I tightened up my batting stance.

END



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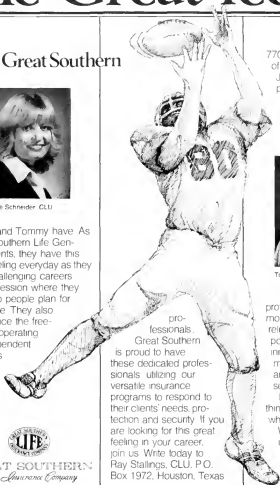


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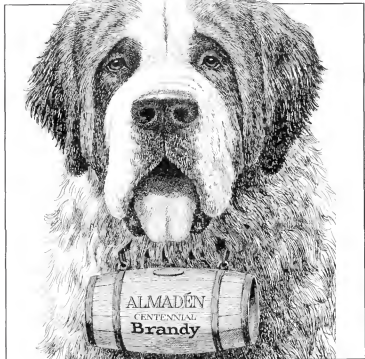
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ALI-HOLMES

Sir:

So "it won't happen that way" (*Better Not Sell the Old Man Short*, Sept. 29)? It's about time that someone proved Muhammad Ali is a mere mortal—an earthly, if you will. Ali's only remaining boxing weapon is his lightning-quick tongue, which can convince us the impossible is possible. But, as Larry Holmes demonstrated, one does not fight with one's tongue, so now all that's left for The Mount is to eat crow. It's time the boxing world gave Holmes his due. All hail Holmes!

CORIN HYERS
Carmichael, Calif.

Sir:

We learned a lesson on Oct. 2: that even The Greatest, earthly or not, cannot win the fight against time. But it's a shame the lesson had to be learned in the way it was.

SCOTT MARLEY
Absecon, N.J.

Sir:

It's interesting to see the cultures swoop in for the kill after the Ali-Holmes fight. They malign Ali for not going out a winner and question his sanity for pursuing a miracle fourth title. Who can blame Ali? Those same people had the same doubts before his bouts with George Foreman in 1974 and Leon Spinks in 1978.

The victory by Holmes does not lower the stature of Ali. Holmes is a great fighter. Ali, in his prime, was the greatest boxer. This final fight simply adds to the Ali legend: at the age of 38, after being out of the ring for two years, he lasted 10 rounds with Holmes. How many younger contenders can make the same claim?

JOSEPH F. LENIUS
Chicago

Sir:

Pat Putnam's preview of the Holmes-Ali bout was very well done. Equally impressive were the accompanying illustrations by Bart Forbes. What was uncanny was that the AP photos published in my local paper the morning after the bout looked exactly, detail for detail, like Forbes' paintings—done weeks before the fight!

JAY GAGNON
West Hartford, Conn.

DAMN COSMOS?

Sir:

I predict that there will soon be a sports musical comedy on Broadway called *Damn Cosmos* with a hit song that goes "Whatever Giorgio wants, Giorgio gets" (*The Joint Was Jumping*, Sept. 29).

CONNIE CRAIG
Van Nuys, Calif.

Sir:

If 5,000 Cosmos fans can outlast "45,000 other spectators who were inclined, clearly, to root for the Strikers," that has to tell you something about the New York Jets fans.

DAVE FUGLIA
Wallington, N.J.

COLORADO'S TROUBLES

Sir:

Douglas S. Looney's story on Colorado Football Coach Chuck Fairbanks (*There Ain't No More Gold in Them Thar Hills*, Oct. 6) was ill-timed and in poor taste. Kicking a decent man when he is down is not in the sporting tradition. To dwell on Fairbanks' personality and spending habits is to miss the whole point of the Colorado problem. You can't beat ordinary competition, much less UCLA, Nebraska and Oklahoma, with freshmen and sophomores. And in recruiting, you can't entice promising athletes to choose your school without quality facilities.

Fairbanks has proved he's a winner. He should not be made the scapegoat for the devastation left by his predecessors. What he needs in time to build his own program. What he didn't need was a hatchet job by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

BRUCE KOSTAMO
Coral Gables, Fla.

Sir:

So the Title IX-mandated expenditures on women's athletics are greatly responsible for Athletic Director Eddie Crowder's plight at the University of Colorado? Crowder, tacitly or otherwise, approves the expenditure of some \$670,000 for dressing-room remodeling and the renovation of Chuck Fairbanks' microwave-equipped office, and then moans about the \$500,000 it took to run the entire women's athletic program for a year.

Crowder deserves Fairbanks' evis; Fairbanks deserves his losing football team; and the Flatirons Club deserves them both for financing and idolizing their klad. Thanks to Douglas S. Looney for his incisive article.

(MR.) LEE GREEN
Ventura, Calif.

Sir:

In the name of college students everywhere, I pray that administrators will reassess the position of sports on their campuses and not allow high rollers, be they coaches or alumni, to dictate campus policy.

As for remedies for the nightmare in Boulder, I suggest that University of Colorado President Arnold Weber begin negotiations with the major networks to place the Colorado fiasco on TV as a soap. Assuming a lucrative contract and program residuals, the

soap might net a million or so. Then the Bulls—and the TV season—could be saved.

THOMAS SMITH
Greeley, Colo.

THE JENKINS CASE

Sir:

I agree with your criticism of Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn for his suspension of Ferguson Jenkins when Jenkins has only been accused, not convicted, of a crime (*SCORECARD*, Sept. 22). I believe, however, that you go too far when you suggest that Jenkins should not be fined or suspended by the commissioner should he be found guilty. A professional, whether he's an athlete, a lawyer or a whatever, not only has the same responsibility all citizens have to obey the law, but he also has a duty to protect the good name of his profession. Following SI's reasoning, Congressmen convicted of crimes should not be expelled from Congress.

I have no objection to Jenkins' having been allowed to play out the season, but if he's convicted, I see nothing wrong with his being suspended from the game.

JACKSON L. BARWICK JR.
Attorney-at-Law
Columbia, S.C.

THEISSMANN

Sir:

Thanks for Ray Kennedy's thoroughly enjoyable portrait of Joe Theissmann (*A Mouth That Roars*, Oct. 6). He was the best college quarterback I've ever seen. Give him half the supporting cast some NFL quarterbacks have, and he'd find a way to win one of those elusive Super Bowl rings. But ring or no ring, Theissmann is an inspiration—and obviously a winner.

JACK DEMPSTER
Irvine, Calif.

Sir:

The only way Joe Theissmann will be able to satisfy his desire to have a Super Bowl ring will be to remove one from former St. Louis Mike Kruczek's locker while Kruczek is taking a shower.

BAR NORRIS
Pueblo, Colo.

FASTER

Sir:

Herb Lindsay certainly is a terrific runner (*Herb Lindsay Comes On Strong*, Sept. 29). I should know: I've seen the back of his shirt many times ahead of me at the finish line.

However, to set the record straight, he's not, as you wrote, the U.S. record holder at 15 kilometers. Last February I won the Gasparilla Distance Classic 15-km. road race in Tampa in 43:40, which is recognized as the

continued



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18TH HOLE continued

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GREG MEYER
Boston

SNOWSHOES AND TRAMPOLINES

Regarding your article on Howard Head and the Prince tennis racket (*Howard Head Says, "I'm Giving Up the Thing World,"* Sept. 29), you mention an even larger racket developed by an Ohioan named Tad Weed. I have played against Tad and his partner, both of whom used the Weed Killer, and it's like playing against two trampolines.

This is the same Tad Weed who, at 5' 5" and 145 pounds, lacked extra points and field goals for Ohio State from 1952 to '54. In 1955 he kicked three field goals as the College All-Stars defeated the Cleveland Browns 30-27, and he was a member of the Pittsburgh Steelers for one season. He certainly was one of the smallest players—if not the smallest player—ever in the NFL.

Perhaps Weed should consider changing the name of his racket to the Giant Killer.

W.J. PICKETT
Columbus, Ohio

Sir,

While I have no doubt that the oversized racket improves a player's game, I find the immediate success of this product to be disgusting. Rather than take the time and sweat to learn to play the game with a conventional racket, lazy, fat Americans prefer a less strenuous route to tennis success.

For those who are getting along in years or who are saddled with a malady that makes it difficult to play without the benefit of the Prince's swollen sweet spot, Howard Head's innovation may be a good thing. However, I would feel embarrassed for anyone else who stepped onto the court wielding the Prince "snowshoe" instead of a tennis racket.

DAVID LANDAL
Rockville, Md

Sir,

Howard Head is the embodiment of the James Joyce statement that the artist is "a priest of eternal imagination."

P.M. DARDARIS
Bridgeton, N.J.

MIKE EASLER KNOWS

Sir,

After your Sept. 15 SCORECARD item appeared noting the record number (16) of "you knows" uttered by the Pirates' Mike Easter during a 29-second conversation, Easter recorded an interview for New York's SportsPhone that was played a few weeks ago in approximately 30 seconds there was not one "you know." Congratulations, Mike!

LEWIS B. INSER
White Plains, N.Y.

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EPA Est. Hwy. Est.
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